



OCTOBER - 1937

The American
LEGION
MAGAZINE

FALL:
GRANSON

*The Three Musketeers
of Smoking Pleasure*

...refreshing MILDNESS
TASTE that smokers like
Chesterfields SATISFY



Chesterfield

ROADS TO ALL OUR DOORS

By Blaine S. Smith

WHEN it comes to broad highways, our people have far outstripped the Romans, the great road builders of ancient times, and all other peoples of the earth. The United States has one-third of all the roads in the world today, is building improved roads at a faster rate than any other major nation, and strangely enough is in urgent need of more good roads all the while.

Behind this apparent paradox is the automobile. Motor vehicles and good roads are inseparable. Without the automobile this country would never have developed its highway system. Without the ever-growing highway system, automobiles might still be hand-made toys for millionaires instead of mass-production tools for everyday living.

Taken together, roads and automobiles have in twenty-five years changed American living habits far more radically than most of us have realized while it was happening. They have cut new channels of retail trade such as came when customers who had been content to buy from catalogues turned to stores in their trading centers, or when certain goods have moved bodily from ten thousand Main Streets because farm men and women can drive fifty or a hundred miles to larger stocks of merchandise with little more effort than was formerly required to get to the R.F.D. mail box. They have almost uprooted the sociable old custom of after-supper calls between families, and have cost the nation's swains untold expense in buying movie tickets for evenings which by a previous generation were costlessly employed in front-parlor visiting. They have moved factories and city workers into rural districts, they have built modest summer cottages on the shores of a thousand inland lakes formerly accessible only to the wealthy or the idle. They have changed our lives in more ways than we can recognize—and have made life for the average citizen more eventful and interesting than at the beginning of the century seemed possible.

OUR people have purchased motor vehicles freely because they could use them on our good roads. They have cheerfully taxed themselves to build



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

these free public roads. Therein our highway development has differed from every other comparably large American achievement. It has come about because everyone has recognized, whether or not he owns an automobile, that good roads are important to him.

A rough measurement of how highway transportation affects various portions of the population is supplied by recent surveys of traffic. People who live in the country do sixty percent of their driving on main state highways, twenty percent on main county roads, fifteen percent on "land service" roads, five percent on city streets. City people do forty-five percent on main state highways, ten percent on main county roads, five percent on land service roads, forty percent on city streets. From these figures it is plain that main state highways have affected our living habits more than any other single class of roads. And if to measure their over-all importance you apply these figures to the percentages of tax revenue paid by rural and urban citizens—twenty-one percent and seventy-nine percent respectively—you find that main state highways are responsible for almost half of the total, city streets for almost one-third, main county roads and hard surface roads for the remainder.

BECAUSE finding facts like these provides the only accurate method of gauging the importance of roads in our national life, highway engineers are studying out methods for developing fair and intelligent road-building programs. Most of the pioneering has been done—the cities have been connected by hard roads which get the motorist out of the mud. Now the job becomes one primarily of making these existing roads adequate to modern traffic, of taking out the deadly curves, of widening the bottle-neck stretches and otherwise making the roads serve the best interests of the average American citizen. Most of us are agreed that motor tax revenue is the fair way to provide highway funds, and few motorists grumble when they know that their gasoline and license taxes go into building and maintaining roads for them to use.

A grave threat to an adequate highway system is the (Continued on page 51)

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

OCTOBER, 1937

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★ REQUESTS for copies of Legionnaire Arthur Mitchell's August cover painting, "The Old Gray Mare," have been so numerous that reprints have been made available



and will be supplied to anyone interested for ten cents apiece. The reprints are on heavy plate paper with wide margins and are without lettering, ready for framing. Arthur Mitchell was reared an honest-to-Hecuba cowboy. A native of Colorado, he quit the range a dozen years ago and came East to study art under Legionnaire Harvey Dunn (who, by the way, will supply the cover design for the November issue). Inevitably Mr. Mitchell has specialized in Western scenes, bringing to his canvas an authentic interpretation of the life he knows and loves best. This magazine still receives from time to time requests for his painting "Roped!" which appeared on the cover of the issue for October, 1935. Apparently America is still strong for horses, horses, horses, and not just the kind that win, place and show (or not).

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IMPORTANT

A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 63. In notifying the Indianapolis address be sure to include the old address as well as the new and don't forget the number of your Post and name of Department. Allow five weeks for change to become operative. An issue already mailed to old address will not be forwarded by post office unless subscriber sends extra postage to post office. Notifying this office well in advance of impending address change will obviate this expense.

★ THE New York National Convention is over—just over. The full story will be published in the next issue, with photographs. Keep the convention issues from year to year—they are a permanent record of Legion programs, the chart that guides the organization. You can keep yourself informed on Legion policy by skimming through the annual convention story from time to time and brushing up your knowledge. Thereby you will not only inform yourself, but be able to inform other people.

WILLIAM D. LEAHY, Admiral, United States Navy, and Chief of Naval Operations, is not a man of many words. The editors, therefore, feel they are to be congratulated in having from him an article of absorbing interest and importance which will appear in the November issue: "Sentinels of Security." In these troublous times (there have been troublous times ever since 1914, but right now the times seem to be heading for the troublesomeness championship since 1918 at least), the Navy means, or should mean, more to every American than it has meant in almost a generation—since, in fact, the battle wagons of 1918 watched the road to France.

A LEGIONNAIRE in upstate New York writes to suggest we make some mention of the beauties of Letchworth Park, in the valley of the Genesee some fifty miles south of Rochester and southeast of Buffalo. The region is not only lovely but is particularly rich in Indian survivals. There's still time for homebound conventionnaires to include it in their itineraries.

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The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

90
PROOF

**NOW THIS WHISKEY IS
2 YEARS OLD
NO INCREASE IN PRICE**

BITES *off* the APPLE

By

THOMAS J. MALONE

*Illustration
by*

LOWELL L. BALCOM

SHE WAS easy to look at, with that all but unachievable air of not being aware of it. Two counters away, I was admiring her, as one will, and half wondering, hopefully, whether I knew her. How often have you too asked yourself, "Where have I seen that face before?" So in a hotel lobby what man will not perk an ear and listen alertly to a bellhop's paging?

I did not know the lovely shopper in the dime store, but I might have known her. I did know women who wore seal coats and just that minimum of makeup that kept one guessing as to whether it was makeup.

Anyhow, there surely could be no harm in looking at her, if not caught at it. She was standing before a compartment filled with those rubber-bag squawkers, hundreds of them, little deflated balloons in various colors with wooden-tube mouth-pieces, delight of small boys and bane of nervous adults. She took one up, put it to her ruby, her carmine, her incarnadine, her what-you-will lips, blew into it, let the bag exhaust with its jarring squawk—and put it back. She tried another; five or six more she tried and put back. She didn't buy any.

It was unthinkable to a chivalrous mind that so beautiful a being might be a carrier and disseminator of disease-producing germs, a menace to everybody about her. But might she not be herself endangered by such contact with what other persons doubtless had, like her, put their fingers and lips to?

When the lady had walked away, I strolled over and made out to the sales girl that I didn't quite understand how the squawkers were used. "Lookit," she



He is attentive, diligent,
eager to please, but—

said, and obligingly blew one up for my benefit. She put it back.

All this reminded me of a certain neighborhood grocer. He is attentive, diligent,

eager to please, with a cheery word for customers, but—on his show-case stands one of those large transparent containers like a gold-fish bowl. It holds shelled nuts, usually walnuts or pecans. To fill an order, he plunges (Continued on page 39)

PINEAPPLES

By
Clifford W. Kennedy

MORE than anything else Curley liked to play pitch. Sure, he'd eat, but hurry up so's we can deal a coupla hands before the whistle blows. Sleep? You could peel Curley from his downy couch any time in the night, shake the grumbling stupidity out of him, then ruffle a deck in his ears and watch his snarl melt to a smile. We know, we tried it once—the week we all slept in the plant, when we had to cut over the Officer-45 buildings. Just a small matter of tying them up to power, light and steam with machinery running twenty-four hours around making cartridges. We worked in shifts that time, four hours on and sleep four; eat when you could, but get those rooms hooked on without shutting one down more than an hour. All that's coming later; right now we're playing pitch with Curley, sitting around an old relay panel balanced on an empty powder keg for a table, in the electricians' crib. As we said, had Curley possessed such a thing as a family coat-of-arms, its escutcheon would bear symbols in bold relief of high, low, jack, and game. Undoubtedly. Switch him to poker and pinochle? No luck. Auction was raging then—during the middle of the war—but you couldn't have lured him even with contract.

He was asking, "Anybody here want to swap jobs with me?" Nothing but silence answered. When he offered to trade, blind, like that, usually he had a bruise on his end of the deal. But he answered himself; "This is once I don't figure to swap; I'd rather keep workin' around the women."

Which made Van uncork; Van was the foreman. "Being you're a ladies man, you better not swap—the girls'd be fussed over any other man. Might spark a grenade and bring another blow-up."

"You're tootin' I'll keep it," snapping ace, king, jack and low on the board for game, "there's one with black eyes I'm watchin'. Name's Eleanor. One o' the roving guard's eyein' her too—only I don't like his expression."

Except that you remember back clearly to the time the war first brought women

ANOTHER STORY *of the WAR* BEHIND *the WAR*

into industry, you don't appreciate how contrary to all regular habit Curley sounded just then, talking about some girl in the plant. Someone put it in words. "It don't seem nature to bust into a room full of women—y'expect all the time to

see men workin'." Another would project his opinion: "I notice they ain't afraid as the bosses thought about ketchin' onto machines."

"But the bosses got 'em to start cheap, just on that excuse," added a third wise man. "You take notice, they'll never put men back on—even when there's enough come back over here; women'll always be quickerin' men on a lot of operations 'n' willin' for less pay."

Then someone threw the switch over to Curley's line. "Where yuh puttin' the time now yuh wanted to swap?" he asked.





With a spasmodic jerk
Birchall rolled to hands
and knees and rose half
bent, streaming water
from his eyes

"Over on the hand grenades." ("Pine-apples" had not yet drifted back over the ocean to our works.)

"What's them? I ain't heard anything about 'em."

"Dynamite ostrich eggs," Van, interceded for Curley, busy shuffling for the last hand. "You throw 'em 'stead of shootin' and they plaster up a whole regiment all to once with slugs. They're tough on the girls," he added, "bit the

eyes out of two already—too much loose powder around to flare up."

Curley started away, with the whistle dispersing the gang to sundry jobs, pointed for the galvanized-sheathed stretch of grenade building. Someone called him, he thought, but his turning showed only the usual columns of tall factory buildings piled up behind him and over beyond the railroad, the row of old shops where we put out navy stuff. What lay between him and the tracks would smother a dozen ordinary factories for size—machine shops and stamping mills to fabricate empty, brass, 30-Springfield shells ready for powder loading.

His name again; then the hail materialized into face and form coming from the other direction, from out the earth and sod bunkers—small forts—protecting the works from explosion latent in the fulminate houses nestling among them.

"All right. I know. I'll take it to her." Curley thought he was beating him to the routine question but, instead, Steve asked, "Has she been crying today?"

"Cryin'? Not that I seen. What'd make her cry?"

"That guard's bothering her again."

"Who—Birchall? I'll hammer on his dirty trap."

"You might do that thing. It'd save me plastering him, if I catch him outside."

Both were referring to Eleanor with the dancing black eyes, one of a hundred girls strung along bench rows where grenades were assembled and loaded. Just her looks had her marked in Curley's catalogue, even if he hadn't been playing at Cupid, bearing notes between sweetheart and swain. On his first day's assignment at grenades her nimble wits grasped the advantage of his noon-time trip down for lunch and pitch, particu-

larly pitch, and back again, as a way to communicate with her Steve. At first Curley had grumbled, inwardly, "Steady loanin' a chew, it's may I please borrow your powder puff in these works now; yuh convey mush notes to a feller where y'd useter take odds on Jeffries or some 'un. Ugg!" In his throat the guttural noise akin to throwin' up, but his mind was already reducing under the flux of her persuasive smile.

"Them guards make it tough, ma'am," out loud, "you, you've gotta go right from the gate to your clock, but me, my pass lets me get around. Sure I'll take your message."

Then to Steve he objected: "If they's any answer, I don't lug it in there. You kin come out t' me." You could get only a scattering of our crew to work around the loading rooms or at the Park mixing house or inside the grenade building. Powder, laying around, scared them off. Not that we blamed them. Of course it was different with the regular operators and foremen who had their hands in it all the time. Bill B. had issued a standing invitation to anybody in the plant—you could transfer there, anytime, and welcome to the extra-hazard pay. Right away he had a waiting list. Bill B.? For William B. Fenner, superintendent or production manager, as four-square a man as ever initiated a time card.

"In there," though, where Steve worked, nobody could go without a special permit and then only when they weren't mixing fulminate and each man had left after thoroughly washing his mixing house out. For the fattest pay envelopes in the plant those fellows poured innocent looking powders onto a clean sheet of paper and stirred them together by rolling the sheet from corner to corner. They got an unruly, fiery-tempered compound which they poured into rows of little copper cups. Primer caps, yes. It's the hottest stuff in the plant; just as much as you could hold on your little finger nail would blow your face off, if it flared. Mix the compound a little too fine, just two too many rolls of the paper and bam! No warning from that spiteful stuff—just a reverberating bang; then funeral services over such remains as might be found. It takes something most of us don't have to stand over a mixture forming to maybe send several pieces of you floating along with the clouds. That's what made the fellows, like Steve, working in the line of bunkered fulminate shacks, seem to us like inmates of Death Row over at the State Pen.

This noon, Curley saw Birchall, the roving guard, behind Steve's girl, lowering his lust-leering expression closer to her cringing ear and neck than ordinary courtesy required. Boos and cat-calls aimed at his evident intentions floated from all over the room to light unheeded, like toy balloons, about the concupiscent guard's head. Curley

searched, mentally, for a way to disrupt Birchall's activity. He stepped behind Big Bertha. No, she wasn't aimed at Paris, but her long range, with two hundred pounds of muscular substance to match her height, rightly added the sobriquet of the famous German gun to her name. He noticed her bulk also concealed opportunity in a wall panel box in back of them. He manipulated a certain fuse and one group of bench lights flickered first off, then on, followed by a chorus of oh's and squeals. Birchall straightened up, looking for causes. This time all the lights in the room winked and he saw Curley's provoking grin reaching over Bertha's shoulder, matching the Bronx cheer the forelady hooted at him.

"Look-it the mug now, takin' a sneak for himself." Big Bertha spat contemptuously, then called to the girl, "Don't let that big swill keg bother you, dearie; we're gonna lay him out some day, the freshie!"

Eleanor shook her head bravely. "I don't mind him," she replied, but to Curley approaching, in a low voice, "I don't know what to do. He wants me to go out with him. Ugh!" she shuddered. "If I don't, he says he'll show Steve up."



"If they's any answer, I don't lug it in there. You kin come out t' me"



"You're stayin' put," he assured her sharply. "Get Steve to walk you home at night 'n' play pretty with words to that guard while you're in here. Some of us'll see he's fixed." Just how, he wasn't exactly sure.

He knew a roving guard patrolled a regular beat around his part of the plant, like a policeman, which would let him regularly at the girl. Birchall, once a cop, knew how Steve had been in stir over some unfortunate mixup in his past life. Steve had seized on the high pay of a fulminate mixer, disregarding the hazard, in a brave attempt to re-establish his position in society. That had been before we entered the war when past records

were scanned as thoroughly. Exposure now would probably mean Steve's dismissal. You could count on Birchall to press every such advantage in favor of his own licentious designs. From the very beginning, the employment of women and girls in factories added a fresh field for the illicit energies of the kind of males the libidinous guard typified. And why should it be—why must industry shelter such predatory crawlers?

In another part of the plant, just the opposite kind of a man, Bill B.—our superintendent—was ushering a visitor into his office.

"You've been persistent," he smiled at the slim, trim, elderly lady he was seating. "They tell me you were never employed here before and yet you insist on working only in

the loading rooms. How did you know about that kind of work? That's why I asked for you to be sent up."

"I know of the job because my daughter, Eleanor, works here," she replied. "It isn't the loading room—did you call it?—that I want, sir; I want to be with her."

"And where is that? I'm sorry I don't know your daughter."



Fear-frenzied strength in her arms hurled the monstrous thing in a mighty heave out the door. Then she fainted

"Of course you wouldn't. She works on grenades—you pay more for that don't you?"

"For the loading operation, yes much more than—" and continued:

"You know it's dangerous?"

Bill B.'s visitor smiled—was it just a little wanly? "I guess I can't help that. My boy's home you see. He's fought for his King ever since 1914—we're British don't you know—and now I have him back home, or what is left." Brave eyes brimmed with tears. "It was gas, sir, one of the shells, he was burned fearful and they cut off mostly one side of him in hospital. I've had a fearful long fight to make them send him over to me. But I've got him back and he's living and I must work to carry on," she concluded hoarsely, yet essaying a smile.

"I'll not deny your wish, be sure of that," Bill B. offered her soberly. "You start right in tomorrow; go back to the office with this order." He got up to wrap

a protecting arm about the frail shoulders. "But we'll find something better, safer with just as much money. We certainly can do that for you and your son."

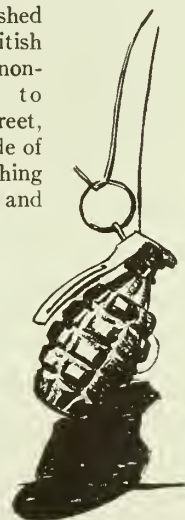
Then Bill B. returned to something more important—to him, of extreme consequence. Three deep, wavy wrinkles furrowed between his kindly eyes and the grey hair above, a line for each worry docketed in three intra-factory letters gracing the surface of his desk. Somewhere in our engine was a leaky valve that was robbing us of much power. The letter from the works manager's office, from Witham, merely quoted a bitter statement from Washington: Why should the War Department hear from overseas, through Army Intelligence, that our plant would attempt the manufacture of a new and successful design hand grenade, that our raiding parties, across, would soon be saturated with them, when they were yet hardly beyond the experimental stage? Hieroglyphics signifying Hawley's

initials terminated the second letter and that gentleman recommended a gag for the party who was so free with information confidential to his Ballistic Department. Only he didn't know just where to hunt to catch the rabbit. There wasn't a particle of comfort from the guard captain, who had dictated the third memorandum. Evidence of a leak of valuable and essential information was acknowledged but neither his office nor secret service were as yet prepared to make an arrest.

When or if Bill B. retires from guiding the industrial activities of hundreds of hirelings, he should turn to teaching mathematics. His mind leads from one logical step to the next as surely as Hal Sims bids his one over one to a successful contract. Methodically he browsed over his files of employment records; what was known of the past and present activities of this one and that one? From the nature of the leak he knew the betrayer must be one who had reasonable and unsuspected access to the closely guarded plans of three departments—to the machine division as well as to his and Hawley's bailiwicks. That condition plus secret service's thorough shadowing of every employee who came anywhere near the development work, from janitor, machinist, to technician, to the bosses themselves, eliminated virtually every suspect.

"It's got to be someone so common and ordinary to our regular routine—like my desk chair here—that I don't even think of his or her being present," he said aloud to the groove his

pacing back and forth was wearing in the floor. Why had "her" came to his mind? He thought of the story, just then going the rounds, of the charwoman who washed windows at the British Embassy and who nonchalantly signaled to watchers across the street, in a predetermined code of wig-wag with her polishing cloth as it moved back and forth on the window pane, the contents of memoranda a traitor within the Embassy laid on a desk adjacent to her window. Unconsciously he glanced at his window and smiled, no they didn't have charwomen at this (Cont. on page 54)





PRO

TWENTY years ago the courage and initiative and loyalty of American manhood fighting overseas brought to a victorious end the World War, the greatest conflict between nations in all history. In grateful recognition of the high service rendered by the American Expeditionary Forces on land and the United States Navy on the sea, our Government has created in France and Belgium an imposing group of monuments commemorating permanently the valor of our arms abroad, and has established a number of beautiful cemeteries, including one in England, where 30,901 of the American soldiers, sailors and marines who gave their lives in defense of the unselfish purposes which carried us into that war still are enshrined in honored glory within the bosom of the soil upon which they died.

In August it was my honor and privilege, as your then National Commander, to represent The American Legion at the formal dedication of these magnificent and impressive testimonials to all who served overseas in the armed forces of our country. The power of words becomes impotent, and the strength of rhetoric inarticulate, in any effort to portray the story of those ceremonies, so I shall not try. But as I passed over the scenes where our comrades fought, and some of them died; as I beheld the scars of the war still present over vast miles of the sacrificial altar which history will record as the Western Front; and as I came to understand the titanic obstacles

The National Commander speaking at Sommepey during the dedication of the memorial to the achievements of the 70,000 American troops who served in the Champagne region. At right, the beautifully impressive Aisne-Marne Memorial overlooking Château-Thierry which will be dedicated in October during The American Legion Invitation Pilgrimage to France and Italy



By

HARRY W. COLMERY

Retiring National Commander

THE AMERICAN LEGION

our men of the A. E. F. overcame as they smashed their way to victory, some very definite impressions became so deeply rooted in my mind that I shall always have them with me. And in this brief message it is of them that I would like to speak.

We hear a lot of talk in our country today about the World War, and most of it seems to be to the effect that America never should have entered that war on the military front. I do not quarrel with honest debate on that or any other issue,

and most assuredly I take neither side, because the question of whether we should or should not have participated is beside the point in this discussion. But I do take issue with the growing tendency, the cruel tendency, to forget and even to minimize the valiant service, the unselfish service if you please, that was rendered by the men who wore the uniform. It is only twenty years after, and yet in so short a time the memory of the four and a half million who surrendered every right that is dear to the heart of an

PATRIA



Above, a striking view of the Aisne-Marne cemetery, with its chapel at the edge of Belleau Wood



"The crosses, row on row" of the Meuse-Argonne Cemetery, largest of those maintained overseas by the United States Government

American—save only the right to fight and suffer and die for America—may be lost in the forensic barrage of those who are so willing to fight the war with words two decades too late.

I am glad our Government has erected those monuments, glad that they were dedicated at this time, and glad that The American Legion had a part in the dedicatory services. Sometimes in America there may be a tendency to forget the service our comrades rendered, but I assure you it has not been forgotten in France and Belgium. I found that assurance not only in the presence of the high officials of those countries who attended the dedications, at several places but even more in the presence at every ceremony of thousands of plain and sometimes ragged ordinary citizens. I saw it in the warmth of their reception and I saw it again in the reverent manner in which they removed their hats as the Stars and Stripes passed by—a mark of respect we see too little of in our own country today. I saw it in the faces of the little children who came to drop flowers upon the monuments and to sing The Star Spangled Banner; I saw it, too, in the faces of the French and Belgian and British and Italian and Canadian veterans who once again carried their colors beside our own.

I wish that those who seek to belittle, and those who rush to the press with protests when we request reasonable government protection for our disabled World War comrades could have stood with me at Montfaucon, where a sublime monument; topped by a statue of liberty, testifies to the gallantry of the First American Army, which there crashed through with the sweeping offensive that brought the enemy to their knees with a plea for the armistice; or at Montsec, in the presence of the beautiful memorial to the divisions that wiped out the dangerous St. Mihiel salient and other fronts in Lorraine and Alsace; or at Sommepey, where another memorial bears witness to the fact that more American divisions, serving as the center of the French forces there, stopped the last German offensive of the war and pressed on to storm and capture the dominating stronghold of Mont Blanc Ridge and other points in the heavily defended Champagne sector.

I wish, too, that they might have been

with me when we dedicated the gemlike chapel in the cemetery at Flanders Field and the monuments at Mont Kemmel and Audenarde, in Belgium, where additional American divisions were rushed to the relief of the British and Belgian armies as the closing Allied offensives got under way in the Ypres and Flanders sectors; and back again into France, where additional memorials were dedicated at Bellicourt and Cantigny, where American troops again wrote their name upon the scroll of honor and glory. I would like also to have them stand before the striking memorial at Tours, erected to commemorate the achievement of the Services of Supplies, and the monuments at Brest and Gibraltar, looking out to sea, where the American Navy wrought an achievement unsurpassed in all history by safely bringing to France the men and supplies which made the victory possible.

I know that the cynicism of the doubters and traducers would vanish in the presence of these scenes, where the men who had no part in making the war bravely and loyally offered their lives as the forfeit for regaining peace for a bruised and staggering world. They would find that wherever the fighting was thickest and the going toughest, sturdy waves of American doughboys had gone into the lines—and never stopped going until they had stopped the war. They did not tarry to ask if it was right or wrong; theirs was not to reason why, theirs was but to do and die.

I wish, too, that those who like to scoff at our American system of government might have walked with me and our Legion party among the crosses in the peaceful American cemeteries at Belleau Wood, Flanders Field, Romagne, Fere-en-Tardenois, Thiaucourt, Bony and Suresnes. I believe they would have beheld a renewed vision of the solidarity and purpose and origin of our country and



Through the shell-shattered ruins of the famous church at Montfaucon looms the impressive shaft of the Meuse-Argonne Memorial, commemorating the forty-seven days' fighting that constituted the greatest battle in American history and provided the war's knockout blow. At left, part of the throng that heard the National Commander, General Pershing and other speakers at the dedication

ensmith, Ross, Urdahl, MacLeish, Dillon and Quigley; Pliml and White, Barnes and Roder, Cantacesso and Jacobs, Blakely and Brown and Jones—and so the names run, from State to State, from one racial group to another, all blended into the united American people, and all enshrined forever beneath the flag they served in common.

The most confirmed modern intellectual could not walk through those magnificent cemeteries, nor behold the titanic

our Government. There, forever engraved in the pure marble of the crosses is the story of the great melting pot out

of which our country and democracy have emerged as an indivisible unit. Comina, Guth, DeForest, Harvey, Kling-



Towering above the harbor that saw hundreds of thousands of doughboys arrive in France and leave for home, this shaft at Brest is an impressive reminder of the United States Navy's share in the victory. At right, dedicating the beautiful fountain at Tours which commemorates the work of the S. O. S.

accomplishment of our troops more than 3,000 miles from home, without instinctively feeling the strength and the soundness of our perfect Union. Those who sleep beneath the white crosses represent neither caste nor creed, nor rank nor position; they constitute the pure equality of all in our own United States; they are the martyred symbols of the perfect democracy that is America. There they shall rest through eternity tenderly within the embrace of the nations they saved; there let them symbolize for all nations the perfection of our

OCTOBER, 1937

every mother I want to say: I have seen where your boy lies pillowed in glory, and I assure you from the bottom of my heart that he could receive no more tender attention or higher honors than those with which he is constantly surrounded both by the people of our former Allies and by our own Government. I hope that some day you may visit his sepulcher, and see for yourself; you will be comforted forever after.

And now, as this message appears in print, many of our comrades are crossing the sea to France where The American Legion will dedicate the last of the beautiful battle monuments—the magnificent structure at Château-Thierry, commemorating the brilliant victory of the American troops in the Aisne-Marne sector, where our own doughboys stopped the drive on Paris in the spring of 1918. Erected to commemorate the valor of our troops in action and their devotion to the highest form of loyalty, these monuments are dedicated to the principles for which our country fought—democracy and a heritage of peace for all peoples. May they ever remind the people of Europe, of whatever nation or race they may belong, that America waged war not because we wanted war, but because we love peace. And may they serve to guide the nations, in these troubled times abroad, to a permanent and peaceful settlement of all international misunderstandings.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The dedications of the American battle monuments in Europe, with one exception, were completed within a two-week period in August. In order that several thousand Legionnaires and their families who will comprise the Third A. E. F. on its pilgrimage to France and Italy, may participate, the dedication of the Aisne-Marne Memorial was postponed until October sixth. The memorial, near Château-Thierry, commemorates the Ameri-



own democratic form of government.

As I close I want to bring a brief message to the mothers of those boys. To

can victories in the Marne salient—the turning point in the World War which led to the defeat of the enemy.)

You've GOT to FOOL 'Em

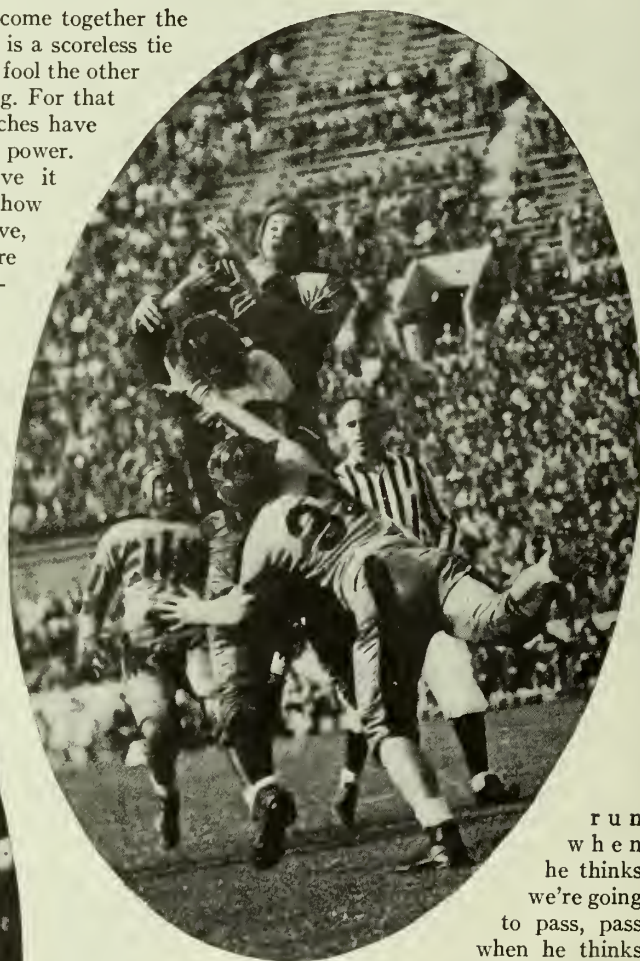
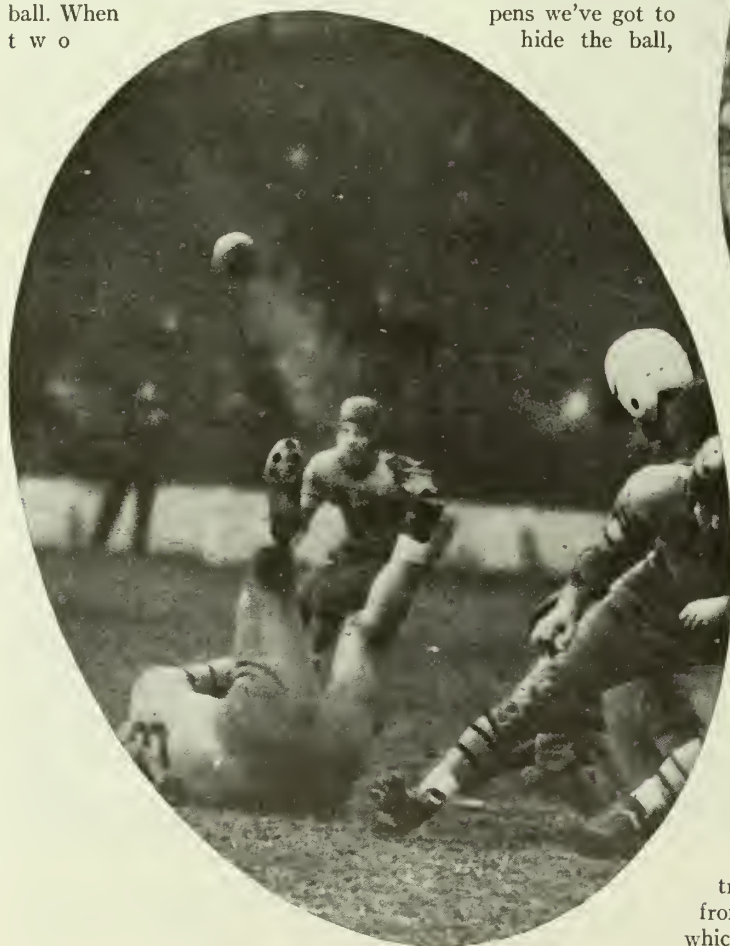
By ANDY KERR *As told to Stanley Woodward*

IF TWO armies of equal strength, equal ordnance and equal morale dig in in terrain which offers neither an advantage, the chances are, or so military men tell me, the war will never be over, no matter how hard they pound at each other. If one commander, however, can trick the other into massing his reserve for the defense of a certain sector and then attack somewhere else, the attacking army has a chance to break through and force a retreat all along the line.

The same situation holds in the mimic warfare which is American football. When two

teams of equal power come together the logical thing to expect is a scoreless tie unless one of them can fool the other into leaving an opening. For that reason most of us coaches have lost our faith in sheer power. Sure, we like to have it around, but no matter how much power we have, sooner or later we are going to find an opponent whom we can't batter into submission.

When that happens we've got to hide the ball,



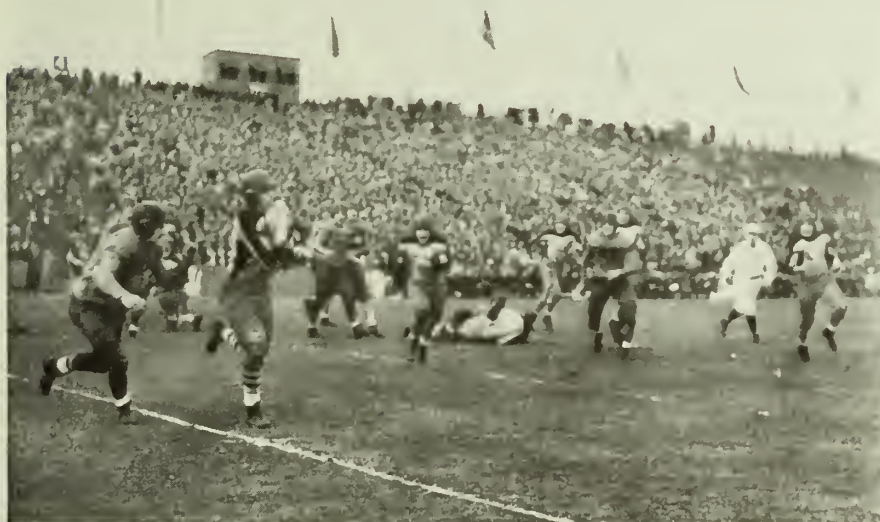
run
when
he thinks
we're going
to pass, pass
when he thinks
we're going to run,
feint him and fake him,
get him off balance so that
ultimately he is ripe for the coup de grace.

As in war, the theory of deception in football is to threaten one point and hit another, or to do the thing that no one expects you to do under the circumstances. Games between teams of equal power are generally won because the beaten team chased a dummy or took too much for granted.

When you plan a football attack which is calculated to fool the enemy, you don't just get together a bag of unrelated tricks. You start with one preliminary maneuver, say a pass from center to fullback, and you develop a whole string of plays which start alike. You polish the thing with great attention to de-



See all those white jerseys? They'll certainly nail him before he's gone far. A little deception might have helped



He snared that forward, he's just about to be tackled. But maybe he'll be able to get off a lateral pass in time

tail until you yourself, standing behind the defense, do not know what is coming until the particular passer or runner hits the spot.

When I was coaching Stanford in 1924, a combination of mechanical deception and unorthodox tactics enabled us to tie California, 20 to 20, in the greatest football game I ever saw. The Stanford-California affair is known on the Pacific Coast as The Big Game and there really is no rivalry like it. On this particular occasion there were 100,000 people in the crowd. The California Stadium, then a year old, was jammed and thousands who couldn't get in bought standing room on an overlooking hillside for twenty-five cents apiece.

We went into the game handicapped, for Ernie Nevers, our All-American full-back, had a broken ankle, and Norman Cleveland, another of our first-string backs, had been declared ineligible a few

days before the game. Notwithstanding, we had a decided advantage in the first half. We outplayed California decisively and kicked two field goals.

I don't know what Andy Smith did to the Golden Bears between the halves. All I know is that they came back in the second half with a fury that knocked our team apart. They ran all over us and before we knew it they had scored three touchdowns and were leading 20 to 6.

That was the situation eight minutes from the end of the game. We had the ball on the California side of midfield. It was second down with three yards to go. We sent in George Bogue, who was nearly as powerful a line-bucker as Nevers, though he lacked some of Ernie's other attributes.

The California team and everyone in the crowd thought we would buck for the first down and we led them on. The center passed to Bogue who took two steps

toward the line, then spun around and handed the ball to Ed Walker, left half-back, who circled behind him.

Walker then faded back and threw a long pass to Ted Shipkey, left end, who caught it for a touchdown just to the left of the goalposts. Murray Cuddeback kicked the extra point and we were within reaching distance of California.

In those days California was a kicking team. Andy Smith liked to wait for the breaks. Accordingly they chose to kick off to us which gave us another chance to put on our offense. We carried the ball painfully across midfield. Ultimately it was third down with seven to go, a natural passing situation.

Even on the bench we could hear the California players calling to each other to cover Shipkey, who in his day had the same kind of reputation for catching passes that Larry Kelley made for himself last year.

The play started the same as the other one. Bogue took two steps toward the line, threatening a buck, then handed the ball to Walker. Shipkey ran straight down just as he had before and three California backs, forgetting everything else, ran to cover him. This left Cuddeback wide open. He ghosted down the right sideline, caught Walker's forward pass on the 10-yard line and ran over unmolested. A man dropped dead in the stand when he kicked the extra point, making the score 20 to 20.

One other influence which added to the deceptive nature of the plays was the fact that Walker was a notoriously poor passer. With Cleveland out of the game

Football officials have to be on their toes when they're handling a game in which Andy Kerr's Colgate University teams participate. Sleight-of-hand stuff, including perhaps a couple of laterals mixed in with a forward pass, is a commonplace with him. Each Christmas San Francisco watches a Kerr-coached team do its stuff in the East-West game

California undoubtedly did not take our passing attack seriously. Walker, as far as I know, never threw a pass before or since. All of which causes me to add a postscript: We may have been just a trifle lucky.

Now you don't always have to build up the tactical situation within a single game. Scouting these days is very thorough and intelligent and once in a while you can (Continued on page 52)

PROFILE *of*

By ROY
DICKINSON

IT WAS when I was eleven years old and lived in Newark, New Jersey, and in corduroy pants. The time is one of the few dates I can set correctly in those dim, lost years. For my white rat had just died, miserably frozen to death in his cage on the stairs to the third floor where Theresa the cook lived. She disliked him and I always thought she left the window open purposely that bitter, tragic winter night. He was the best pet I had ever owned up to that time with the possible exception of a rangy, racing box turtle.

The white rat's name was Teddy Roosevelt Hobson Trixie Dickinson so the year was obviously 1899. His death was more than the loss of a friend. It also marked a deep loss of confidence and morale to me. No more could I terrify my mother's visitors in the plush and gold front sitting room, when Teddy would peek his pink nose, then his whole head out of a coat sleeve. The sense of superiority I always felt when I quieted the resulting hysteria and walked away with the rat perched on one shoulder, was gone.

Something had to be done, my dad decided, and just at that time there came a lucky break. Jack, a gentleman, white bull terrier, had killed in fair fight two beautiful collies belonging to Governor Murphy of New Jersey. He and his owner were in deep trouble. Jack had to be killed, or at least disappear utterly. The news came to my father, he made a suggestion and that night, a big white dog with deep pink eyes and rippling muscles along his back and flanks, was brought secretly to our house in a gunny sack by a short colored man. From that moment on for three years he never left me except when I was in school. Always I could count on him being two paces behind me, right flank rear, like a Japanese wife or Gunga Din.

He was a powerful dog and good tempered to people. But to cats and other dogs he was sudden death. He wouldn't go out looking for fights. I'd have him



on a leash and he'd go pulling along in a straight line. If a small dog snarled at him he was likely to do nothing at all except give him a look—such a look—sometimes he would roll the dog over and put one paw on him as he held him down squirming. But let a mastiff, a Great Dane or any really large dog make any sort of a pass at him by act, look, grunt or growl, and a white streak flew at the big one's throat.

A jar of snuff became a necessary part of my equipment every time I took him for a walk. It was the only way he could be loosened from his happy, closed-eye grip on the other dog. Kicking, prying, tail twisting did no good. He'd give a little twist, then in a tranquil sort of joy, he'd just hold on some more. A pinch of snuff was the only thing that would work. At the moment of sneezing, a quick pull and the other dog was saved, that is, if you arrived soon enough with the snuff. He had been bred as a dog-and-cat-fighting machine. He liked almost every person, colored men especially. The only time I ever saw him get angry at anybody was the time Wolcott Jackson started to punch me on the nose on my twelfth birthday. The haymaker had scarcely started in my general direction when the whole boy disappeared. He had been dragged down suddenly from the rear and Jack stood over his fallen form, growling but making no move. The growling was entirely sufficient.

His technique with cats was terrifying. He'd run behind them, grab and toss them in the air with one motion. The cat never moved again.

In nightmares I still recall one horrifying cat episode. Jack and a yellow fighting tom faced each

Illustrations by



JACK: A gentleman, powerful, good tempered to people, but sudden death to cats and other dogs

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

TWO DOGS

other on opposite sides of Hyatt's tall iron fence on High Street. The tom scratched his nose with swift, jabbing lefts and rights between the pickets. Like Joe Louis, Jack let him make the leads. Then a sudden jump and his long white muzzle shot between the iron pickets and he had the tom by the chest. He hung on, he pulled, the pickets were narrow, the chest stretched like rubber, I didn't have the snuff jar. It ended better than you might imagine.

Jack was a pit bull terrier and he died in the pit, but I didn't hear about his epic fight until years later. Two big colored men with brown caps had been seen around the house that afternoon and one of them carried a potato sack. When I came home from a football game, Jack was gone. His reputation had sought him out. No trace of him was ever found, but in 1906 when I was at college I met an old ebony coachman who told me about the last night of Jack's life.

He had won one grueling fight in a Kearney pit against a terrier of his own weight. The two gamblers who owned the dogs were tied at four fights each. The gambler put Jack in the final fight against a heavier dog. Tired, bleeding from his first cruel battle, one leg badly chewed, he took hold and hung on. The big bull stopped struggling, Jack walked a few weak steps toward the side, looked around, dazed, and fell down. He stayed down that time.

THERE were other dogs in the years that followed but only their names and dim memories remain. Then married, middle aged, with three growing children who craved a dog, we found Wolf. As soon as we saw him playing around with four other Shetland shepherd pups we knew him. He walked over to

Grattan Condon



WOLF: A real person, loyal, with a sense of justice, always ready with a smile, a real smile

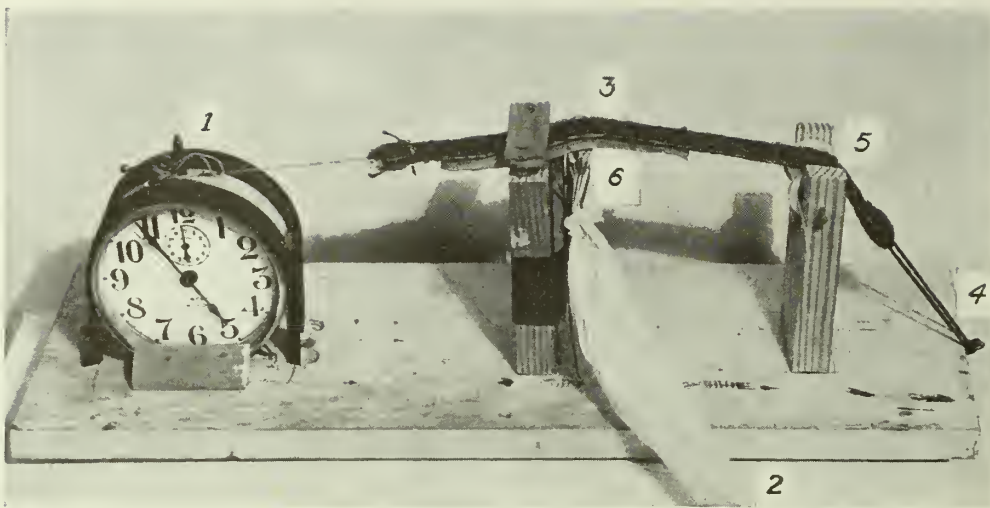


the youngest boy, licked his hand and we had a guide, guard and friend until the day of his death. He was a tri-color, big across his head between the eyes. Not one of your show collies with the too long wolf-hound muzzle, but a dog with brains between his eyes, a real person, no animal. He had something. Only once or twice in a lifetime, I believe, does one find it in a dog. A sense of justice, loyalty, alertness, humor, a friend for every mood of every member of the family.

If anyone was sick he'd lie all day by the bed, guarding him, always ready with his smile, a real smile, teeth and eyes both, to cheer the patient. He would try so hard to help with the housework, following to see that each bed was made right, that the doorbell was answered and who was ringing it.

His sense of humor was better than that of most humans. He would laugh at himself. I remember the first time he ever saw a sheet of water. It was a little lake up in the Ramapo Hills. He ran around the edges for a while. Then finally he tried to run over the smooth place, lying in the sunlight under the trees. He went under, tried to bark, turned his head around toward us in fear, then struck out straight for the middle of the lake. There he turned around, swam to the shore where we were calling, shook himself, then laughed, actually laughed at himself, half ashamed, but wholly amused. He disliked water ever after.

He had all the good human qualities, including a sense of shame. He showed it when he was detected in the only bad thing he ever did. It was in his early puppyhood. He had been waiting patiently in the dining room while the family had lunch. He had learned to give his paw and nudge a person's elbow, invariable requests for attention or food. No one paid any attention. He was told to leave. He lay in the hall. After lunch a noise was heard. One of the family caught him almost in the act. He had seized a strip of butter, of which he was inordinately fond, and when finally found, was sitting in the middle of a pink velvet (Continued on page 44)



This elaborate device went sour because the inventor omitted one small precaution. The strip of sandpaper (6) fitted neatly into a larger piece which was found in his possession (see below)

ARSON Is a Dangerous Game—You Have to Use Gadgets, and the Gadgets May Turn Around and Bite You

YOU will recall that Little Bo Peep's recipe for the recovery of her lost sheep was simply to "leave them alone and they'll come home wagging their tails behind them." I can hardly go so far as to suggest that the average arson case is solved so easily. Headwork and legwork are both called into play, particularly the former. But the arsonist, when brought home, is usually identifiable by a tail that he has left wagging behind him. Then one of our staff of detectives in the fire marshal's office (most of whom, like their chief inspector, George O. Mansfield, are Legionnaires) has the job of proving that the tail belongs to the suspect. Often it is possible to do this so convincingly that the suspect confesses, thus saving the community the expense of a trial.

Not long ago the fire department in a large Massachusetts textile city made quick work of a blaze on the lower floor of an ordinary dwelling house and then made the usual precautionary inspection tour of the premises. On the second floor they found a bucket set on a wooden tilt and anchored by a string affixed to the wall. A gasoline-soaked cloth trailer also ran from wall to bucket. The idea was, of course, that the trailer would take fire as the flames rose from the lower floor, parting the string and upsetting the bucket, which contained eight gallons of gasoline.

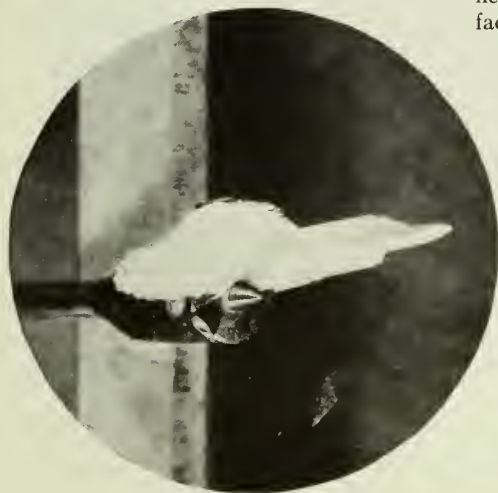
The State Fire Marshal's office was called in. I want to say right here that this office gladly and properly gives ninety percent of the credit in solving crimes like this to the local fire departments. With that help we have been able to put Massachusetts in the No. 1 po-

DON'T *Play with* MATCHES

sition in solving arson cases and cutting down the loss from set fires. In this statement I'm merely quoting A. Bruce Bielaski, Chief of the Arson Division of the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

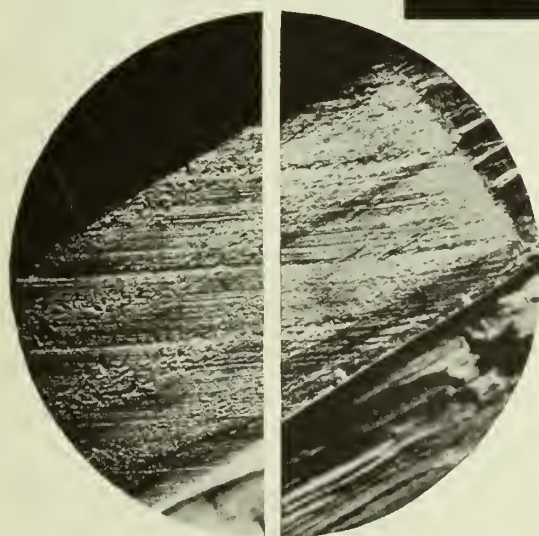
Our inspector went to work. The bucket bore the stamp of a Chicago packer. Filled with a legitimate content of lard, it had been sold to a retailer in the Massachusetts city. The retailer had sold

Boy
**STEPHEN
 C. GARRITY**
State Fire Marshal
 COMMONWEALTH
 of MASSACHUSETTS



A sliver of wood stuck to the extension bit, and the sliver fitted perfectly into a floor hole drilled in order to give a healthy draft. Result: Conviction

A draw shaver makes as highly individual marks on wood as a pistol barrel does on a bullet. In the figure below, the sample of wood at the right was found at the scene of a fire, and an inspector, using the suspect's shaver, produced the exhibit at the left



it, along with five just like it, to a local resident. The five unused buckets were found in the local resident's barn.

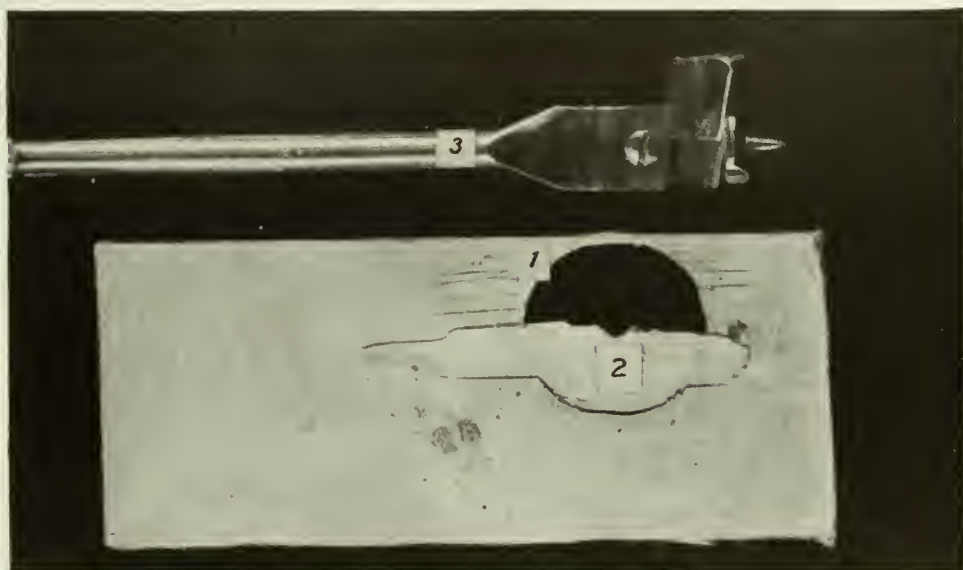
The inspector didn't stop there. He took the tilt to the barn, and found there a piece of wood to which the tilt joined perfectly, grain for grain. That sort of tied the case into a neat bundle, but the detective wanted to make a good strong knot to finish off. So he explored the barn, unearthed a crowbar with a speck of plaster on the point, and found, through laboratory analysis in our State Police headquarters (all of whose fine scientific facilities are available to our division), that it matched the plaster in the supposedly doomed house. The owner of this veritable wealth of incriminating evidence, when confronted with the detective's story, readily confessed. In fact, in his confession he involved seven other persons, all of whom were convicted.

Four out of every five arson cases are insurance frauds. The fifth case is likely to be the work of a firebug. The firebug is likely to be the tougher of the two to catch. That is why we pay particular attention to folks who turn in false

fact that this boy was a mental delinquent did not detract from the potency of his conflagrations—they were just as good as if they had been set by a college graduate.

I mentioned the matching of wood in the lard-bucket case. Wood-matching as an effective clue in criminal cases won worldwide prominence during the Bruno Hauptmann trial. Our inspectors have had frequent occasion to apply the same technique. A disappointed suitor (you see we sometimes even get love interest in an arson case) tried to burn down the home of his heart's choice by building a fire under her window. The blaze was readily extinguished, and of course its felonious character was obvious. The investigating officer took a sample of the wood to the rejected lover's house, eleven miles away, and had no difficulty in matching it perfectly from the family woodpile. Love's labor lost.

Following a series of barn fires in a rural section of the State, an inspector noticed that the trap used to set one fire which hadn't quite come off had been crudely planned. A search of a suspect's premises revealed a draw shaver that might have done the trick. The inspector applied the draw shaver to a scrap of the same type of wood, and the result was



alarms, because they sometimes graduate into folks who set fires and then turn in real alarms to watch the excitement. As proof of the fact that such careful attention to what is apparently only a mischievous if troublesome prank can pay out, let me cite the case of a youth in eastern Massachusetts who was arrested as a false-alarmist and who admitted, somewhat to everybody's surprise, that he had set 46 fires in three communities which had caused a total loss of \$217,000 and almost resulted in the deaths of three women. The

microphotographically compared with a piece of the trap. The lines fitted as neatly as the parts of a jigsaw puzzle, as the illustration given herewith shows.

As I said earlier, all the resources of science are at our disposal. Dr. Joseph Walker, formerly of the Harvard University faculty, makes elaborate chemical analyses and confounds culprits with the results obtained from his spectrograph. Sergeant Warren Toelkin, wartime photographer and Legionnaire, blows up a latent fingerprint until it becomes a veritable finger of accusation pointing squarely back at the criminal. Dr. Perlin L. Charter, also a Legionnaire, is right at home among the scores of grades and types of gasoline and kerosene. A



A trailer catches fire through the plaster, the bucket upsets, the gasoline spills, and the insurance company pays. Only it didn't work

suspect claimed that a scrap of rug we found following a fire had just been cleaned with kerosene. Dr. Charter proved that the substance was gasoline. The suspect was convicted.

Here is another instance where inspectors from this office matched wits with criminals and won by matching wood: A man and his wife who had left a long trail of fires behind them settled in Massachusetts. They made a business of opening small shops, insuring them as heavily as possible, shipping most of the stock into another State, and then setting off the fireworks. In planting the fire they followed a pretty orthodox plan—the blaze would actually start in cellar or basement, and spread to the ground floor by means of holes drilled in the floor. Meanwhile the contents of the ground floor had been liberally sprinkled with alcohol. It had worked several times.

Well, this particular fire wasn't so hot, in more ways than one. The firemen had made quick work of it, sniffed, and sniffed, and called in the fire marshal's office. The man in the case was on a buying trip to New York (it's a great convenience to be somewhere else in an arson case). The woman blamed the fire on the fact that she had been making coffee on an electric coffee plate which had become overheated—she'd been using the plate a couple of months, she said.

There were no grounds in the coffee pot, and the electric plate, unfortunately, proved to have been bought from a mer-

chant four doors down the street only the day before.

The evidence began to pile up—empty hoo's in showcases which should have been full, proof of heavy shipments out of town a day or two earlier, an assortment of price tags cut from salvaged garments. But the clincher was an extension bit with a large splinter still adhering to the blade. The splinter fit

a look at the photograph of the elaborate alarm-clock contrivance shown with this article. The bell striker was supposed to wiggle a piece of sandpaper back and forth across a book of matches, setting off the paper trailer attached to the book. The fool forgot that you can't light safety matches on sandpaper. He was caught when the two strips of sandpaper he used were found to fit neatly into a larger section in his possession.

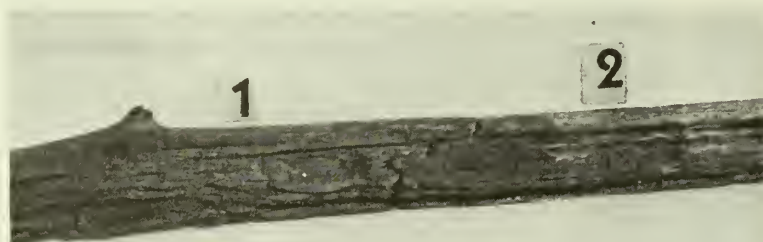
Most of these cases, you will note, involved such quick action by local fire departments that the evidence could be gathered virtually intact. What of fires which really go through, and leave only ashes or smoldering ruins? Here are a couple:

A group of fires of similar character, but in widely separated localities, was brought to the notice of the state fire marshal's office. An investigator, glancing at the lawn in front of a completely ruined summer home, found six bright new pins. Actuated by something more than the old see-a-pin-and-pick-it-up maxim, he collected the speci-

mens and began to use his head. New pins implied that something might have been taken out of the house before the fire, which in itself would be a suspicious circumstance. It was fairly easy to get an inventory of the contents, and tracing these to a second-hand furniture store was simply legwork. A little plodding, unromantic investigation brought the furniture to light in a shop thirty miles away. The fact of arson was thus pretty well proved. (Continued on page 61)



Exhibit 1 was found at the scene of a fire and Exhibit 2 in the suspect's cellar. Put them together and they spell a jail term



fairly into one of the vent holes between the first floor and the cellar.

It may be of interest to record that following their arrest this pair were released on bond and promptly jumped bail. Traced through twenty-two States, they were apprehended in Detroit, returned to Massachusetts and convicted.

Arson investigations often prove that the more clever a criminal tries to be, the more likely he is to make some foolish mistake that exposes his whole plot. Take

BACK HOME

ANOTHER National Convention has come and gone. Much of the Legion was there—many folks probably believe most of it. But it wasn't. Back home the other hundreds of thousands were carrying on, just as the hundreds of thousands who went to New York had carried on during the workaday year.

The throngs who lined Fifth Avenue on September 21st caught no glimpse of that other Legion—of the Legion striving and accomplishing in hundreds of communities up and down the land for the good of its own home towns.

This is a fitting season in which to summarize, largely from the files of this magazine, a few of the accomplishments of local posts during the Legion year that has just closed:

THE Arizona Legion and Forty and Eight built and equipped a motorized laboratory for travel through the State in a campaign to prevent tuberculosis among children.

James J. Tappen Post, Staten Island, New York, and Wellsville (Ohio) Post operate clinics for tonsil and adenoid operations for children whose families are unable to bear the expense.

Hundreds of posts in all parts of the country continued their annual Christmas parties for underprivileged children.

General Gorgas Post, Birmingham, Alabama, presented to its county Anti-Tuberculosis Association a pneumo-thorax machine.

Aviation Post, New York City, sponsored a national aviation show in Grand Central Palace featuring every development of aviation.

The American Legion Hospital for Crippled Children, established and operated by St. Petersburg (Florida) Post, celebrated its tenth anniversary by dedicating a new building and increasing its bed space by almost fifty percent.

Legion posts and Legionnaires rendered distinguished service in the forest fire disaster in the Northwest centering at Bandon, Oregon; in the landslide at Juneau, Alaska; in the Ohio and Mississippi floods from Pittsburgh to the Gulf; in the school disaster at New London, Texas—wherever disaster struck during the year.

The Michigan Legion placed an American Flag in every rural school room in observance of American Education week—7,670 flags.

Los Angeles, California, led by Hollywood Post, staged a Parade of the Living Dead through the streets of the city—1,042 marchers representing as many persons killed in traffic accidents the previous year—in furtherance of traffic safety. A similar event was sponsored by the Legion of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Lester Keate Post, of St. George, Utah, pre-

sented its home city with complete fire-fighting equipment.

Springfield (Massachusetts) Post gave the public schools of its city equipment for audio-visual education—a type of instruction that has become a necessity in progressive education.

Hanford (California) Post presented radios to thirteen rural schools.

LEGION clubs of blood donors, organized to give blood to comrades and in emergency and charity cases, continued active. Outstanding contributions were reported by the Forty and Eight of the District of Columbia; Legion of Blood Brothers of Allegheny County, New York; Walter C. Lee Post of Walla Walla, Washington; Carl Vogel Post of Lake Worth, Florida.

Joe Carson Post of Tulsa, Oklahoma, presented a local hospital with an iron lung and full equipment for use in the treatment of all kinds of asphyxia.

Clyde B. Jones Post of Oconto, Wisconsin, gave its city complete apparatus for life-saving in cases of drowning, suffocation or shock, including inhalator and resuscitator.

Charles L. Baudry Post of Biloxi, Mississippi, established and operates a manual trades school.

The Legion of Nebraska organized a tree planting campaign in observance of Arbor Day. Result: Fourteen million young trees planted in the Cornhusker State.

The Boys' State program was continued by the Departments of Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas, California and Oregon, with the possibility of the organization of a Boys' Nation in 1938.

PRESENTATION of ambulances to communities not having such facilities was made by a number of posts—more than 300 Legion ambulances are now in service. New members of the Ambulance Donors Club reported are G. C. Burkadt Post of Carlstadt, New Jersey, and Montgomery County Council, Maryland. Johnstown (Pennsylvania) Post gave approximately \$8,000 worth of equipment to the five hospitals of Cambria County. The sum represents the entire profit made by the post when host to the Pennsylvania Department Convention in 1936. Morris Frock Post of Hagerstown, Maryland, furnished an automobile to the public health nurse assigned to that area.

Harold Angier Post of San Diego, California, dedicated Fort Rosecrans National Cemetery at Point Loma. Designation of the old military cemetery as a National Cemetery was made at the request of the post.

You don't have to be C R But it

By
**ARTHUR
VAN VLISSINGEN, JR.**

AS A STAMP collector who has read in general magazines at least eighty-seven articles on stamp collecting, I am at last yielding to the urge to write The Article on Stamp Collecting to End Articles on Stamp Collecting. Most stamp articles are terrible because the writers who turn them out know little or nothing about stamps. This article may be terrible because I have never claimed to be another Robert Louis Stevenson. But at least it is a sincere effort to put down on paper some random facts about why stamp collectors get that way. Likewise, why most adult collectors keep at it until old age overwhelms them or until they have to sell their collections to keep the grocer quiet.

Like all serious collectors I am completely hardened to the dazed expression which passes across the face of some old friend when he uncovers this weakness of mine, that familiar look which says as plainly as if it were actually spoken: "To think this guy is crazy, and all these years I hardly suspected it!" Also I can summon a convincing, though wholly hypocritical, chuckle when some otherwise charming guest says, "Now, you aren't going to make us look at your



stamp collection, are you?" Heaven knows I have yet to discover a duller method of spending time than showing stamps to someone who does not care about them.

Stamp collecting, like golf or tennis or movie-going, can be justified on no rational grounds except as a recreation.

If you or I find pleasure and relaxation in any hobby which does not harm ourselves or others, doctors and psychologists agree that it is of definite value to us. Constitutionalists agree that such a recreation is part of the pursuit of happiness which is theoretically the right of every American citizen. I will admit that stamp collecting is a little bit goofy if you will meet me half-way and admit that golf and tennis are slightly ridiculous occupations for serious-minded adults. I concede that golf and tennis are good for their devotees, myself among them, and you concede that stamp collecting is perhaps good for them as likes it. Now we have a mutual point from which to depart on our voyage to find out what there is about stamp collecting that appeals to so large a number of otherwise sane individuals. We can both laugh with the non-collector who demanded "Do you have to be crazy to collect stamps?" and was promptly

answered, "No, you don't—but it helps."

Every human being has in him some instinct for collecting this or that, as witness the gadgets which accumulate in any small boy's pockets. If this instinct is turned toward stamps, then it gives the person an interest which will supply recreation for his lifetime. Most real collectors feel that they get their

money's worth from the pleasure of gathering the collection and the consequently garnered knowledge. That a well-made collection actually has a cash value which may be realized in time of need, either by themselves, or by their



heirs, is simply a pleasant by-product. Incidentally, a good collection may be turned into cash on an hour's notice in any large city, or in the time it takes mail to reach a large city from any other point on the face of the earth.

Nobody knows how many stamp collectors there are in the United States, but a most conservative figure is 1,625,-

000 serious adult collectors and at least again as many active kid collectors. Several stamp statisticians of more optimistic bent can prove that, counting in the children, the total is at least ten millions. The discrepancy probably arises in the definition of what constitutes a real collector. You probably do not know of all the stamp collectors around you because most of us avoid fruitless arguments with scold-



A Z Y- HELPS

fers by keeping quiet about our hobby except in the presence of fellow collectors. One index of numbers is that there are over two thousand active stamp dealers in the United States, and several times as many abroad.

A deal of mystery surrounds the motives which can induce an apparently level-headed individual to gather great quantities of the printed stickers which governments for some ninety-five years have been selling to prepay mail. The odd thing about it is that collecting sprang up spontaneously shortly after stamps were first issued (by Great Britain) in 1840, and has flourished increasingly ever since. What is there about a postage stamp, whether used or unused, to arouse such devotion that the victim neglects his wife, snarls at his youngsters, slacks on his job, and stays home from church on Sunday mornings to soak stamps off envelopes?

No stamp collector can answer for all his tribe, because stamp collecting has more variations than poker. This is one of its fascinations. Each collector writes his own ticket as to what and how



he will collect. Few adults attempt all the stamps of all the nations, because this goal is worse than hopeless. The millionaire may pick on the August 1861 issue of the United States stamps,

of which the three cheapest sell between \$30 and \$50 apiece, and the other five at from \$1500 to perhaps \$10,000 each when he can find them. At the other extreme, anyone who wishes to hold down the expense may have a lot of fun on a dollar a month, with, say, German stamps of the inflation era at a few cents a pound. Many a farmer collects only stamps showing agricultural scenes, some architects specialize on buildings, a circus man on animals, many

athletes on games and contests.

Probably more than half of all adult collectors in this country collect only United States postage. Since this particular field contains most of my own scanty knowledge, suppose we try to dig out of United States issues the secret of what stamp collecting is all about.

In the first place, most of the stamps are beautiful specimens of steel engraving—except a few issues of twenty years or so back when some experiments were made with other kinds of printing. It is a question whether any other nation has

consistently produced so artistic and so high a quality of postage stamps.

The average citizen looks at postage stamps no more than a diner-out looks at the waiter; stamps and waiter alike are merely methods of transportation without personality. But there are interesting facts, interesting even to the non-collector, on the face of many an everyday stamp. Try looking at them and see if you do not agree. Unfortunately, United States counterfeiting laws prohibit reproducing more than the margins of our stamps, so the points made by my weak words cannot here be backed up with pictures of the stamps themselves.

Remember the time a few months since when your morning mail carried at least one Michigan Centennial stamp and one Boulder Dam stamp? The Michigan stamp showed the state seal, was beautiful by any standard. The Boulder stamp carried too much fine detail for beauty—collectors have been saying since its issue that you can't give a dam on a stamp—but is a first-rate view of the project as completed. The San Diego Exposition stamp showed an airplane view of that city's waterfront.

Shortly before came the lovely Connecticut Tercentenary stamp showing the Charter Oak.

To a Middle Westerner like myself who has never gazed upon Charter Oak or

Boulder Dam, upon San Diego harbor or even the Great Seal of our neighboring Michigan, each of these stamps was interesting for what it showed. Moreover, the Michigan stamp opened a chapter of history new to me, for it turned me to books where I (Continued on page 48)

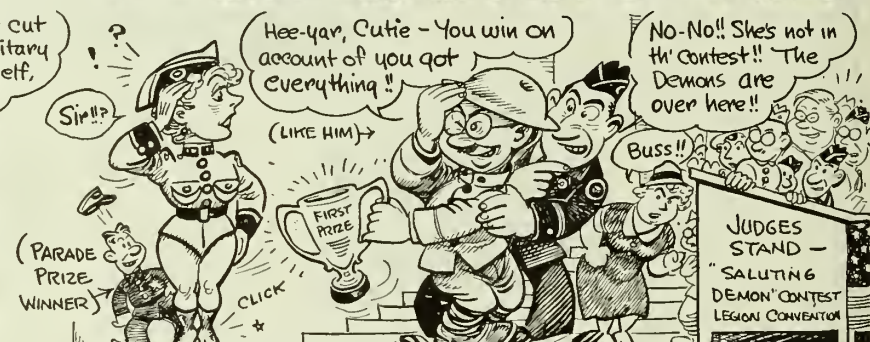
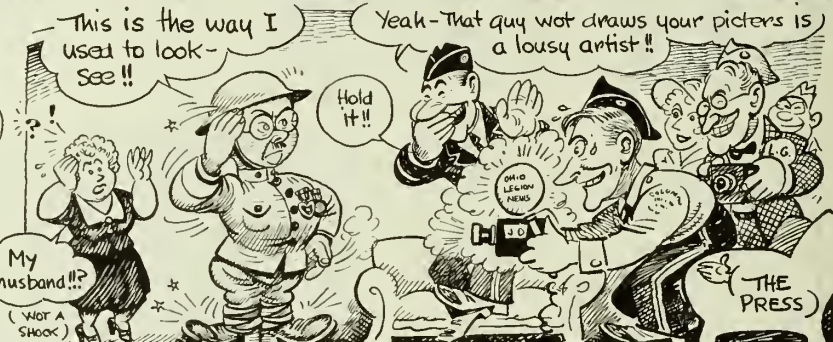
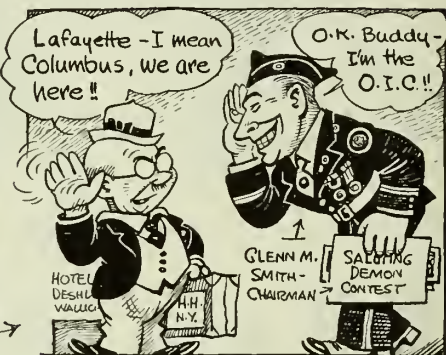
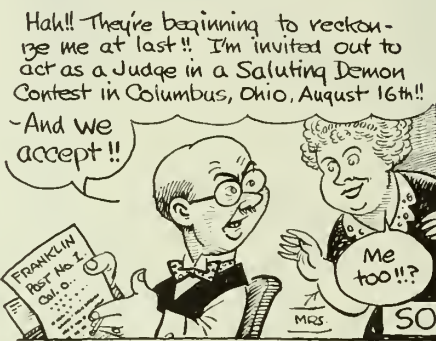


THE MASTER DOES HIS STUFF

Judge Hawley Uncorks a Few for the Benefit of Columbus

(SEE PAGE 31)

By Wallgren



I MARRIED *a Legionnaire*

FOR reasons that are not conspicuously apparent, the author of this article prefers to remain anonymous, and the editors of this magazine, ever zealous to accommodate a lady, are resolutely respecting her wishes. They can, however, vouch for the fact that she does exist and that she is all she asserts herself to be (and so's her old man). A few clues scattered throughout the article may disclose her identity to some readers, but this is not a guessing game

•

AND that," I hear you say conclusively, "made you eligible to The American Legion Auxiliary." You are right, it did, but that does not happen to be the angle of this story. I married a member of The American Legion and thereby hangs a tale; a very commonplace tale perhaps. A tale that might have been written with variations by the little wife in Jonesville or Keokuk or Bloomfield, except that in this case it was written by a wife in the West, where legend has it "men are men" and incidentally many men are Legionnaires.

Now this story, as all stories go, has a logical beginning. I might begin in the middle and still have a fairly trite tale but the first of my story was made for the last and so I shall begin with the first.

I met Mac shortly after the war. A veteran of two years' overseas service and a victim of gas, he had been advised to find out-of-door employment. A short time later found him in the fruitful valley which was my home. I was the small-town school teacher, guided by lofty (if at times impractical) precepts. That Mac and I met, (Continued on page 46)



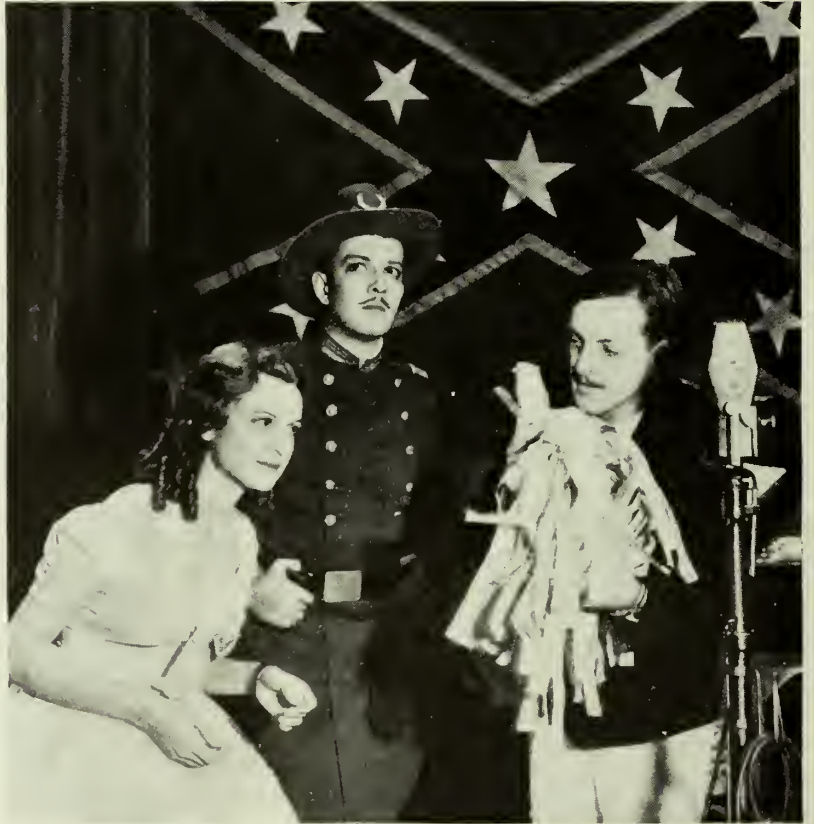
Illustration by
L.R. GUSTAVSON

Faces I have never
seen before Mac
greets with very
evident affection

WAR DRUMS

RADIO BATTLE ALARUMS MAY NOT BE THE REAL THING, BUT THEY HAVE TO SOUND LIKE IT

ALMOST any day now you can cock an ear and listen to the rumble of the big guns, the scream of shells, the deadly riveting of the machine guns, and the rattle of rifle fire. It need be no feat of imagination, nor need you take a trip abroad. You capture battle sounds simply by turning a dial on



The handful of loose paper is rubbed before the microphone and the illusion of a soldier creeping through bushes is put over the air perfectly. From "Roses and Drums," a National Broadcasting Company drama of yesteryear



your radio set to a home station.

Perhaps it is because there has been war *in* the air for so many months that there is more war than ever *on* the air.

But warfare has been broadcast for some years and will continue to be, since radio, like the movies, is well aware that Old Man Mars is a sure-fire dramatist when stirring moments in the past are being re-created. It may come to pass that radio will join the motion pictures in recording real battles in progress, as it does other current events. The National Broadcasting Company proved that was possible by covering the U. S. Army maneuvers at Pine Camp, New York, in 1935. If the ruckus in Spain or China were only handier and technical difficulties not quite so insuperable, you might actually hear the combatants in action.

Meanwhile a large percentage of all the big scraps in history have been and are being fought over the air—down to and including and especially the World War. A veteran of that session, hearing an ash can coming over and detonating with a tremendous

crash, is moved to remark to less experienced listeners, "Say, that's the real thing!" And sure enough in many cases it is.

You may have sat in a studio of a broadcasting company and watched a war story go on the air. Opposite the orchestra with its all-important building up of the "atmosphere" and behind the actors clustered about a microphone, the sound effects men swing into action. With marvelously exact timing and at carefully calculated distances from the "mike" they do their stuff. Generally they use the most incongruous-looking articles to make their din, but over the air a perfect illusion is created.

Considerable research and repeated trial and error are the foundation for these successful results. To track down their origin and development, this writer turned himself into an air war correspondent and first visited the N. B. C. sound effects storeroom.

It looks more like a combination toy shop, hardware store, and tool room than the veritable arsenal of battle noises it is. Most of the clamor of combat is filed away in cabinets, cabinets full of phonograph records. In spite of an index labeling contents, it is still somewhat of a shock when Ray Kelly, chief sound effects technician, plays a disc and one's ears are assailed—not by the dulcet tones of Caruso or a dance number—but by the roar of tanks, motorcycles, troop trains. Here are records of ten types of airplane sounds: Taking off, swooping low, landing, and so on, along with the wicked screech of an aerial bomb dropping too close for comfort. Here are bursts and sweeps of light and heavy machine guns, and rifles opening up along the length of a trench.

on the AIR

By Fairfax Downey

Here is everything the artillery ever sent over, salvos, volleys, and barrages—going and coming—75's or heavy stuff. Name your racket and there's a record of it, a record which is bang-up in its realism because it was made where actual shot and shell were waking the echoes or ploughing up the landscape.

The bulk of these recordings were taken at the United States Army Proving Grounds, Aberdeen, Maryland; nor could a better spot have been chosen. There the Army is constantly testing all types of ordnance from big guns to small arms, from 2000-pound bombs to sub-calibre cartridges. Other records were made at the

gets his cue, he presses a button. The needle drops on the turning record—and the war is on. By turning a dial, the intensity of the canned conflict can be varied or it can be faded in or out, just as you vary the volume on your own radio set.

Sometimes battle tumult may come to you fourth-hand and four times increased in volume by being passed through an auxiliary amplifier in addition to regular channels. The phonograph technique is fairly recent. While it is highly satisfactory, it has not ruled out such older gadgets as the electrically-vibrated piece of sheet iron which reproduces a hot and heavy cannonade or the thunder drum, five and one-half feet square, which doubles for anything from a trench mortar to a hand grenade.

When they can, sound effects men always use the actual article. For single shots, as when the sharp crack of a rifle rings out, a .22 calibre pistol loaded with blank cartridges will be fired in the studio. (Once a super-realist insisted on firing a heavy horse pistol for a Civil War scene and it blew out the microphone.) On the other hand, the synthetic sound effect often excels the real for practical and economical reasons. For instance, when they want to indicate infantry marching over a bridge, they have a contraption which saves hiring fifty actors to stamp around the studio. This device is a frame from which scores of wooden blocks are loosely strung on wire. Thump that on a table top and you have your doughboys crossing their bridge, having broken step according to regulations.

Also war horses in the flesh are dispensed with in the studio. For their hoof beats are substituted the rubber suction cups with which plumbers open up a drain. The sound effects men smite their manly chests with those cups in the tempo of walk, trot or gallop and over the air thunders a mounted courier or a troop

of cavalry. So much for the infantry and the cavalry. As for the doomed engineers, the studio stocks a supply of spades, picks, and gravel to furnish the base for digging noises.

Cellophane crumpled in front of the "mike" supplies the crackling of flames. Sound effects men rustle broom straw or crushed-up newspapers to indicate troops pushing through underbrush. For a bomb

or a shell crashing through a roof, they smash a bunch of berry boxes. When one script called for the sound of a company slogging through the mud of sunny France, suction cups were used in a pan full of water and flour, flour being much easier to obtain around the sidewalks of New York than a pan full of mud.

If the Signal Corps is helping to win the war, the sound crew wheels in their communications machine. This is an odd-looking cabinet, equipped with electric batteries (Continued on page 40)



That contraption that takes two hands to operate records the sound of marching feet for Columbia Broadcasting System listeners. The revolver shot is a revolver shot in the script

maneuvers of the Indiana National Guard which several years ago burned a lot of powder in great sham battles.

The records are played on wheeled phonographs, each carrying three turntables for the discs. As many as four of these phonographs may roll into action around the microphone for one battle script. An indicator attached to each turntable has enabled the operator to determine the exact point on a record at which occurs the particular shell scream or machine-gun burst he desires. Over that point he has poised the needle. When he



You Can't STAND THERE, Soldier!

BY H. L. (Pep) PLUMMER

Assistant National Adjutant

THE AMERICAN LEGION

WHEN a doctor wants to check on the state of health of his patient he calls for the hospital chart. When I want to know the state of health of The American Legion I scan the great blackboard chart in our National Headquarters. That chart records from day to day the membership of the national organization in the same manner that the hospital chart records the pulsation of the heart of the patient. Each day I study it with care. For five years that chart has been my special charge and I have come to feel a personal responsibility for the story it tells. I know the symptoms when the lines begin to sag. I also know what to expect when the lines take a definite upward swing.

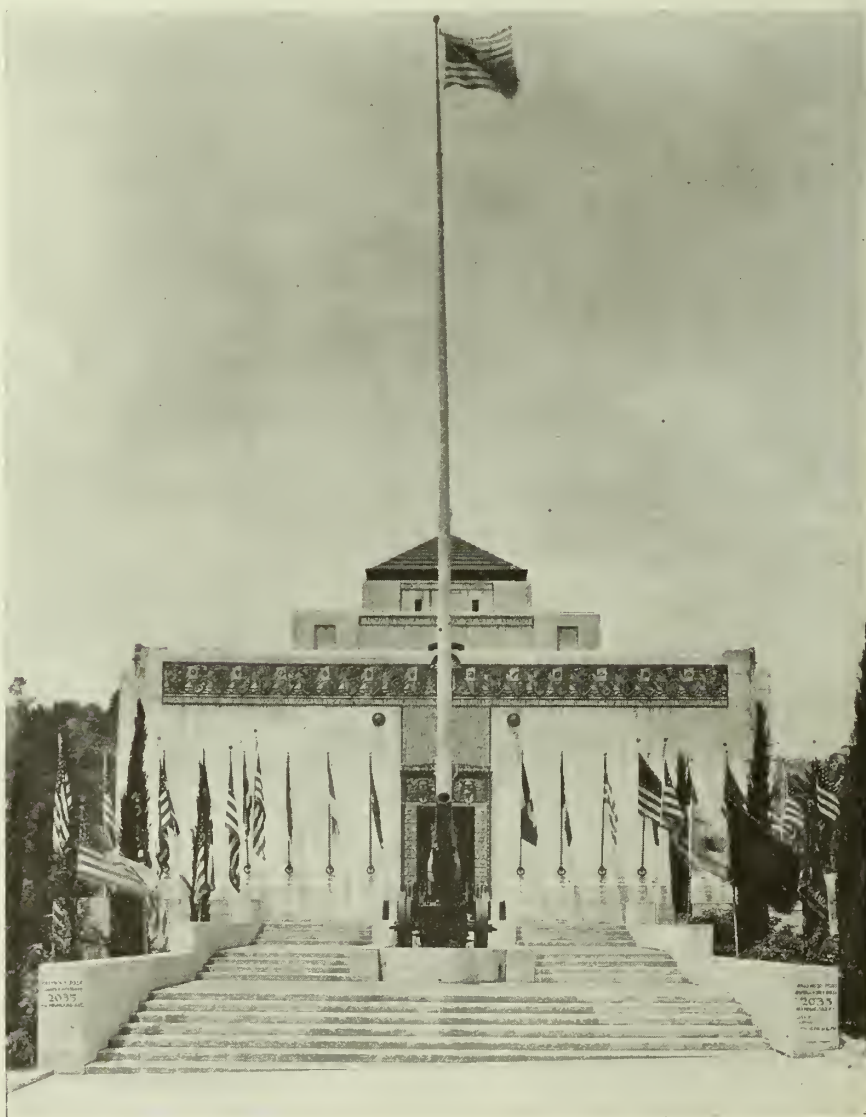
That chart tells a long story. It tells me that when the pulse of the Legion is weak, indicating weakness in numerical strength, there follows a sluggishness and indifference in action—then we have a Legion whose resistance is low, stamina weak, and little accomplishment. But when that pulse is strong and regular in its beat and the membership lines swing ever upward, then we have the rich, health-throbbing pulse—the very heart of the Legion—and the organization moving forward with sure and certain stride. Membership is the life and spirit of The American Legion. Without organized membership we would have World War veterans in a milling mob, so to speak, with no goal for which to strive and with no service to render. With it, we have the irresistible force of the best

manhood of America inspired by a declaration of purpose whose expression in the Preamble is one of the masterpieces of the English language.

The chart has made its record through fair weather and foul. It reached its

highest peak in 1931, when a total of 1,053,900 was recorded. Then came the years of economic depression and the Legion inevitably lost members, being reduced to 769,551 in 1933. Stability of membership became a matter of the

This magnificent clubhouse and memorial to World War soldiers is the home of Hollywood (California) Post, and the pride of its home city. Few Post homes are better known or are more frequently visited by celebrities than this one in the heart of Movieland





The brand-new home of Koch-Conley Post at Scranton, Pennsylvania, dedicated last April by National Commander Harry Colmery. The clubhouse was erected at a cost of more than \$200,000 and houses one of the big posts of the National Organization. It is stability of membership that makes homes like these possible

than 1,000 each, with Omaha, Nebraska, topping the list for first honors.

The care and study of the great black-board chart has led to some detailed consideration of the organizations made up of veterans of other wars, particularly as to membership. The graphs reveal that the two major organizations of wars in which a great number of American soldiers were involved—the Grand Army of the Republic and the United Spanish War Veterans—have moved along on lines paralleling each other in a most astonishing manner, and, what was more astounding, it was disclosed that the graph lines of The American Legion since its organization, with deviations in certain years, has followed a course running in almost exact parallel with the two senior organizations.

The Grand Army of the Republic was organized in 1866, a year after the close

of the great American civil conflict. In its earlier years its membership swung up and down, though it had approximately 1,700,000 eligibles from which to draw the men who made up its rank and file. It had fat seasons and lean, but its peak membership was not reached until 1890—twenty-five years after the close of the war—when its greatest enrolment of 409,489 was reached. From that maximum the Grand Army steadily declined until today only a few thousand are left to carry on the organization and only a few hundred have the strength and vigor to meet in the annual national conclaves and to march in the parade. The Grand Army carries on with its few seventy-two years after the close of its war, and the announced purpose is to maintain its organization as long as there is a member left. Only a few years more and the Grand Army will be history.

THE United Spanish War Veterans, which had a much smaller number of eligibles from which to draw, was a little later in getting under way. But even with the handicap of a late start, its record runs true to the lines laid down by the great veterans' organization of the generation before. Its peak membership of 120,000 was reached in 1926—twenty-eight years (Continued on page 42)

gravest concern. No great organization could long stand such a defection from its ranks, though the Legion's loss was less in proportion than those suffered by many other social, fraternal and civic organizations. The end of 1933 was the lowest ebb—with the beginning of the membership year of 1934 the pulse quickened, the lines on the chart swung upward and have continued to climb until this day. Each year has recorded an increase in stabilized membership indicating a most healthy condition. There has been no mushroom growth. Each year the membership has crept closer and closer to the high mark of 1931. This year, with three more months in which 1937 memberships will be reported, has shown the same marked increase. With the 1936 total of 956,273 long since passed, it is confidently believed the chart will record a total very close to the million mark when the membership year ends on December 31st. After reviewing the chart covering nearly eighteen years of Legion endeavor, Doctor Plummer reports the patient in the best physical condition in its history. It can also be reported that on July 31st there were 11,386 active chartered Posts in the Legion national organization, the very highest number in all its history, thirty-eight of them with a membership of more

Their BROTHERS'

PREPARATION OF foreign born for citizenship was a responsibility assumed by many posts when the Legion was young. That work has been continued as a part of the educational and Americanism program. On this page are pictures of a few of the graduates of a recent class of the citizenship school conducted by Longview (Washington) Post

A NATION that houses five and one half millions of foreign born who have never exercised the right of naturalization is carrying a great liability. Load that nation with another million and a half who have taken out first papers, declared their intention of becoming citizens, but apparently intend to go no further along the road to full citizenship, and the matter becomes a responsibility resting on the shoulders of the entire population.

For years the doors to America swung wide open and immigrants were invited to a land of opportunity. They came in droves and continued to come until our land had reached a little more than the point of saturation. The years of economic depression disclosed that we had a great surplus of unassimilated aliens. However, many of these people needed only a little help and advice to put them into full citizenship. Others, because of lack of understanding of the laws, had been exploited by unscrupulous persons and crooked agencies who made a business of preying on the alien and taking fat fees for no service.

It was in this field, very early in the life of the Legion, that many posts found their first Americanism work. Many posts established night schools for the benefit of the foreign born who had no knowledge of the English language, and these same posts and many others established citizenship schools for the more advanced. Naturalization Officers were appointed by posts whose duty was to seek out the aliens in their area and assist them to become citizens by naturalization. These schools were manned by Legionnaires and all expenses were met with Legion funds. In many sections, particularly in the con-

gested industrial areas, these Naturalization Officers of The American Legion forced exploiters out of business and closed cases that had dragged on for years.

This phase of Americanism work has been continued as an important part of the educational program. It is not a work that arouses widespread attention, because it is carried on quietly by men who feel a responsibility to their country and to the man or woman who has a genuine desire to become an American citizen.

Out in Longview, Washington, one night each week there is a gathering of folk from the far corners of the earth. Week after week, month after month,

these representatives of a wide variety of nationalities and races come together, driven by a common purpose—the attainment of American citizenship.

The class is sponsored by Longview Post of The American Legion, and the instructor is Joe T. Woods, an attorney who was once a sailor, who has become so interested in Americanism work that he has prepared and published a handbook, *Preparation for Citizenship*, for the use of his students.

Three times each year examinations are held for the prospective American citizens. The class work is carried on with considerable formality in order to impress the candidates for citizenship with the importance of the step they are taking, and to inculcate a reverence and respect for the Flag, the Government and the Constitution. On examination day,

after the new citizens have sworn allegiance to their adopted country, they are gathered

in the court room for a group photograph. The Judge of the Superior Court addresses the new citizens briefly on their obligation to the country; a representative of the Elks lodge presents each one with a small silk flag, and a representative of the Daughters of the American Revolution hands to each one a copy of the Constitution of the United States.

Each of the three classes a year is attended by an average of fifty aliens who are desirous of becoming citizens. The Longview Post's citizenship school

has attracted wide attention in the Pacific Northwest.

From the Pacific Coast we cross to New England, where an outstanding piece

of educational work and assistance in the naturalization of aliens has been accomplished by a number of posts in the Department of New Hampshire. Of this Americanism program, Chris J. Agraftis, Chairman of the Department Americanism Committee, writes:

"During the past four years New Hampshire has put on an intensive program in the interest of its immigrants by the establishment of citizenship schools. These schools were carried on not only for the purpose of securing naturalization papers for these aliens, but for the broader purpose of educating and enlightening them in the tenets and principles of the American nation.

"The American Legion succeeded through these schools in gaining the confidence and friendship of thousands of men and women who enrolled. It succeeded in stamping out exploitation of the



KEEPER



Sweeney Post of Manchester, Hooksett Post, and many others."

In Herkimer County, New York, where there are about seven hundred aliens in process of perfecting their United States citizenship, ranging from first papers to the final examination, the naturalization

work is carried on in just a little different way. In that county no schools are maintained by the County Organization or by the posts, though the Legion has urged the establishment of night schools by the public school system to teach English to the beginners and citizenship and civics

to those whose applications will mature within a few months.

John D. Henderson, Chairman of the Naturalization and

ments, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., are used as citizenship text books.

The great service rendered aliens by the Naturalization Committee of Herkimer County is not so much in providing class work but in contacting the applicants, advising them as to procedure and following through with the case until it is finally disposed of. A complete record system has been devised, with master cards, kept in the office of the County Chairman, and other cards in the office of the local post and one for the information of the judge before whom the applicant will appear. The follow-up continues throughout the hearing.

The Salutin' Demon of Ohio

BACK in the early days of 1918, when the A. E. F. was just beginning to strike its stride and *The Stars and Stripes*



immigrant by those who were clever enough to appear before these foreign born people and offered to 'help them' become naturalized at a price far beyond the means of many, but who could pay little by little on the installment plan.

"The largest and most outstanding school was established in Manchester, in the heart of New Hampshire's industrial area, where the greatest number of aliens had made their home. This school was sponsored by the William H. Jutras Post, and carried on under the supervision and direction of Joseph Fortin and Mrs. Madeline Gladu, co-chairmen of Americanism activities. Attendance ran as high as seven hundred annually. The classes became so large that it was necessary to increase the committee and include about thirty interested members of the Legion and Auxiliary.

"The work of this fine school does not end when its series of classes come to a close. During the summer recess the Legionnaire instructors are kept busy filing applications, advising on questions affecting their applications or their rights as citizens, and in assisting others of the foreign born in a hundred ways.

"The citizenship work has become a very definite part of the New Hampshire program. Many other schools were established and all have accomplished a very worthwhile work. These include the schools maintained by Concord Post, Lester W. Chase Post of Derry, George E. Coffee Post of Nashua, Suncook Post,



AMERICAN LEGION CITIZENSHIP COURSE

No. 2673		Date April 9, 1936	
NAME Tomasco, Giovanni		ADDRESS 421 E. Delaware St., Little Falls	
Change of Address 19 & 20		Married 27 & 28 page 3 No	
Nationality or Race Italian		Sex Male	Date of Birth 11/18/94
Date of Arrival 9/9/12		First Papers 9/6/34	Second Papers
Birthplace Palermo, Italy		Age 42	
Education		School Certificate	Health
FINANCIAL		FINANCIAL	
PAST EXPERIENCE - 19, 20, 21 and 22 on page 3			
Name	Dept.	Kind of work done	Rate of Pay
No appearance at May, 1936		Application dismissed by Judge Smith	
WAR RECORD - PREVIOUS NATURALIZATION AND FIRE OR POLICE RECORD IF ANY - Questions 25, 26, 30, 31 and 32 on page 3			
Date	Nature	Place	Source of Information
Remarks			
4/5/1918 Inducted Herkimer, N. Y., dischd Camp Dix, N. J., 4/19/1918; physical disability 6/20/1921 first papers denied. Reapplied 9/6/1934 under provision act 5/25/1932 as veteran Continued each term since May, 1935. Dismissed, May, 1936			
SPONSORS 29 a & b and 10 on page 3 James Easter and Tom Omerio			
REFERRED TO Little Falls		POST No. 31	AMERICAN LEGION AT Little Falls N. Y.
OVER			

Record form used by the Naturalization Committee of Herkimer County, New York. Member of the committee assist in filing applications for first papers and carry through until the case is closed

Americanism Committee of Herkimer County, writes that from experience in that section they have found it better to contact first-paper applicants as early as possible and get them into English classes, gradually working them into citizenship classes just before they are eligible for their final papers. In the last named classes, Books I, II and III, which are on sale by the Superintendent of Docu-

was getting under way, a strip cartoonist (no thought of the Minsky variety) was casting about for a subject. That cartoonist was one Abian A. Wallgren (that's his Sunday name—Wally to you), late of the Marine brigade of the Second Division. When he met Private Hudson Hawley, who had been sent from the 26th Division to do most of the text on the same soldiers' sheet, his troubles were



ended. He had found his subject; whatever else might be said of Hawley's soldierly qualities, he could salute—and did, with or without provocation. Artist and model met. Result: *The Stars and Stripes* Salutin' Demon character, continued by the creator in *The American Legion Weekly* and *The American Legion Magazine*; a character scarcely less well known than General Pershing himself.

From time to time unofficial Salutin' Demons have made their appearance at Legion meetings and a take-off on the popular character always met favor and rounds of applause. But it remained for the Department of Ohio at their Nineteenth Annual Convention at Columbus on August 16th, to put on the first departmental Salutin' Demon contest. Ohio now has its own official Salutin' Demon, the pride of the Department and envy of the several thousand former soldiers and visitors who watched him go through his paces. Jacob Humenick of Canton Post carried away top honors, but he had a sore arm, a headache and a general husky voice for a week afterward.

The judges were none other than Wally and Hawley—artist and model working together again. Jerry Katherman, a six-foot member of the State Police, arrayed in a gorgeous uniform of red, blue and gold, portrayed the General. He received most of the salutes, but his arm became tired and he was forced to the sidelines and from that place of retirement squawked his orders.

Cups were awarded the first six taking part in the contest. First place, of course, went to Jake Humenick. The others were Harold P. Olson, Akron; Garry (Chips) Hermann, Reading; Thane Shaw, Mansfield; Orville A. Brown, Toledo; and Flaval Black, Columbus. Hermann, by the way, is the first sailor who ever thought he was a Salutin' Demon. The

booby prize, a barbed wire athletic support, was awarded John Duncan of Franklin Post, Columbus, for his radio announcement of the event.

Bingham Keeps Boys Busy

ONE of the most successful playground projects undertaken by a post of The American Legion is that established in 1930 by Bingham Post of Bingham Canyon, Utah. Each year the program has expanded until now, in a district with a population of 8,000 and a

The playground activities of Bingham Post were inaugurated seven years ago under the leadership of Commander Roy Shilling, who later became the first State Chairman of the Sons of The American Legion. He named George Bihler as chairman of the committee on playground activities, and Bailey J. Santisteven, coach of the Bingham High School, as director of the playground and supervisor of the athletic program. Both have remained in the positions originally assigned.

A varied program is offered the youth



Five junior baseball teams were in play at the same time when the Copperton Park recreation playground was opened for the season. The park is maintained by Bingham (Utah) Post, and is the third largest playground in that State

school enrollment of 1,200, the playground serves a daily average of 350 boys in athletic events under skilled direction—including a city junior baseball league in two divisions of ten teams each.

of the copper mining towns centering around Bingham Canyon, including swimming, tennis, football, and other sports, but the major emphasis is placed on the great American game of baseball, with twenty regularly organized teams in the two divisions. Games are played each day, several of them, on a regular schedule and champion teams are given special recognition. Bingham Post has for three years past entered one of its best teams in The American Legion Junior Baseball competition, and on this team seventy-five percent of the boys have played American Legion baseball under American Legion supervision for at least five years.

Adjutant S. W. Jacques writes that juvenile delinquencies have decreased in the Bingham Canyon area to a noticeable extent since the establishment of the playground, so noticeable in fact that the chief of police reports a clean slate for 1937. The expense of the playground is met by the post through co-operation with business men and industrial enterprises in the area served.

The girls of the six copper towns, Bingham Canyon, Frogtown, Copperton, Copperfield, Highland Boy and Lark, are not neglected in the playground program. This work is done under the direction of the Auxiliary of Bingham Post



Salutin' Demon Jake Humenick won first honors in the first official contest at Columbus, Ohio. The judges were Wally and Hawley, creator and model of the greatest saluter ever, who posed with the new title holder in the above picture



and in addition, dancing, games and various work projects are carried on in the Legion hall.

Havana Fetes the Kiddies

EACH year since 1923 Havana (Cuba) Post has devoted the Fourth of July to the American children resident in that city, a day when the children, and a lot of the older ones, turn out to attend a big picnic and patriotic celebration under the auspices of The American Legion. Other

American children living in Havana, Cuba, are given a big Fourth of July picnic each year by the local Legion post, the last one on the grounds of the National Hotel

patriotic days are observed appropriately, but the Fourth of July belongs to the children.

This year, under the direction of Past Commander C. C. Fitz Gerald as Chairman, the fifteenth annual picnic held on the splendid and spacious grounds of the National Hotel was declared the best ever. With a soft trade wind blowing, the Gulf Stream, indigo blue in color, flowing almost at one's feet, a glorious day, a beautiful setting, there was little left in the natural surroundings to be desired. The post entertained 245 children with a patriotic service and with all kinds of games and prize events, about seventy more than at the 1936 event. The Auxiliary provided refreshments for the youngsters and assisted in the entertainment program. The picnic was attended by the most prominent members of the American colony, including the United States Charge d'Affaires, the United States Consul, members of the Embassy, and other distinguished officials.

The games were directly in charge of Legionnaire J. Leo Kenan, while Legionnaire H. B. Krummel acted as timekeeper and judge. To keep the fun moving Bill Platt made his appearance on the grounds as Uncle Sam—a part often and ever well played by him—supported by Past Commander H. L. Chemidlin and Buddy O'Neill, Jr., as clowns.

Evanston's War Orphan

THE thousands of homeless children in France who had been orphaned by the war became a serious social and eco-

nomic problem to the French people. Hundreds of these children were adopted and provided for by units of the American Army and by individual officers and soldiers as a result of a campaign carried on by *The Stars and Stripes*. Upon return to the homeland and demobilization of the war-time regiments and divisions, most of these adopted children were not provided for and thus reverted to their previous condition in 1919.

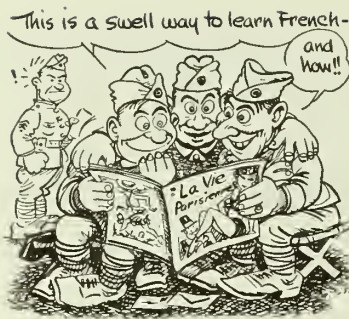
During the summer of 1920 Harold W. Ross, then editor of *The American Legion Weekly*, began a campaign to induce Legion posts to take up where the A. E. F. left off and re-adopt these children. Hundreds were cared for generously by posts in many Departments; the records show that the first two re-adoptions were made by National Headquarters of The American Legion. The first post to respond to the appeal was Karl Ross Post of Stockton, California.

Leafing through (Continued on page 60)



Marcel Sevel, a French war orphan adopted by Evanston (Illinois) Post, is now doing his military service in the air force





“WHAT? A woman in the Navy! Never heard of it!” That customary retort from men veterans when she states that she served in the Navy during the World War has caused Nell Weston Halstead to rise in wrath and set forth something about what our and her sister Legionnaires had to do toward winning the war. And Nell Halstead of 8128 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, has a well-earned right to speak out and tell her brother Legionnaires about it—because Nell Halstead is Adjutant of the First District of The American Legion, Department of Illinois, the only woman District Adjutant in that State’s twenty-five districts. She rose to that eminence rightfully, being a charter member of Sig-Yeo Post, a Legionnaire of more than seventeen years standing, and having served in every office of the Post, including that of Commander during three terms.

THEN

and NOW



WOMEN

Women in the Navy? Well, take a squint at the picture displayed above. Those white-uniformed women were just as regularly enlisted members of the Naval Reserves as any salt-sprayed, weather-beaten tar who might have seen service with the mine-sweepers in the North Sea or one who went down into the sea in submarines. Miss Halstead tells us that the formation shown was the final review of Yeomen F on the Mall in Washington, D. C., July 30, 1919. The reviewing officer, the man with the cane, is Josephus Daniels, wartime Secretary of the Navy, the man in uniform is Ensign O'Neill, officer in charge of personnel, while dimly seen above the No. 2 Yeoman F in the front rank is Assistant Secretary of the Navy Franklin D. Roosevelt.

And now, Comrade Halstead, you tell 'em:

“After seventeen years’ membership in The American Legion, I am still very much surprised at the great number of

my Legion men comrades who are unaware of women’s active part in the World War. Because service in our military forces has always been considered a man’s duty, little consideration has been given to the more than 35,000 women who regularly enlisted in the Army and Navy Nurse Corps, the United States Marine Corps Reserve and the United States Naval Reserve Force. So I am prompted to enlighten some of my male comrades.

“The service of Army and Navy nurses is familiar to everyone, because care of the wounded and sick is a natural feminine function. The War Department records indicate that three Army nurses received the Distinguished Service Cross, twenty-four the Distinguished Service Medal, while more than two hundred were awarded citations for bravery during the World War.

“When we entered the war, the Navy was pitifully in need of trained women nurses, as only 200 were then in the corps. Enlistments brought this total to over 1800. The records of the Navy Department commend these women highly for their splendid work. But what surprises me is that so many are still unaware that there were other enlisted women besides nurses who rendered valuable service at a

time when the need for men was great and who relieved men for active duty in the Navy and the Marine Corps.

“The ‘Marinette’ in her olive-drab uniform was a familiar and pleasant sight to those whose war work kept them in the nation’s capital. Over 300 women enlisted in the Marine Corps Reserve. At the same time, women were enlisted in the Naval Reserve Force—over 10,000 of them met the mental and physical requirements of the Navy and served as stenographers, typists, recruiting officers, telephone, telegraph and radio operators, printers, artists and draftsmen. They were generally referred to as ‘yeomanettes,’ but the Navy officially recorded them as Yeoman (F). The ‘women sailors’ were subject to all of the regulations of the Navy, the same as the men, and similarly were required to learn the *Blue Jackets’ Manual* for advancement in rating.

“Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy during the war, commends them most highly in his book *Our Navy at War*, in which he devotes an entire chapter to their loyalty, efficiency and patriotism. I think the most thrilling of their experiences was the part they took in military drill. In Washington, the four companies of Yeomen (F) in their snappy blue Nor-



Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels, accompanied by Ensign O'Neill and Assistant Secretary Franklin D. Roosevelt, inspects the battalion of Yeomen (F) on the Mall, Washington, D. C., in its final review on July 30, 1919

in WHITE



folk uniforms, blue sailor hats with patent leather chin straps, and spotless white gloves (they changed to white uniforms in the warm months), took part with other military units in public gatherings, as escort to the President upon his return from France, in parades and other functions, and they made a handsome appearance.

"As for 'action'—we fought the war in offices: 'Presenting' pencils, 'shouldering' note-books and 'going over the top' of our typewriters in the course of our daily routine. What surprises me is that I didn't jump down the captain's throat or something like that to relieve the monotony. I was in the file room of the Bureau of Engineering, typing endless excerpts from incoming and outgoing letters. One day it got my goat so completely that I boldly sailed into the captain's office—an oldtimer in the Navy, with basso voice and glowering eye—and told him we didn't like our job and wanted to go to France. Imagine it! Well, he just looked

In submitting this unusual souvenir of the A. E. F., Edward H. McCrahon suggests that others might show equally odd mementoes

at me and said, 'What the hell could a girl do on a battleship! Get back to your job.' And needless to say, back I went. At that, perhaps the Engineering Department file room was a step in the right direction; today I'm secretary to the Chief Engineer of one of the largest industries in the country—so patriotism is paying a dividend.

"The good work of the patriotic enlisted women did not end with the Armistice. Thousands of them are members of The American Legion and are still carrying on 'for God and country.' The Department of Illinois has three Posts composed entirely of women, all of them located in Chicago, and these women take an active part in the Legion's extensive program. Much of their service and welfare work is done for the veterans in the Facility at Hines, Illinois, and in this hospital will be found the only ex-service women's ward in any of the Veterans' Facilities—made possible largely through the efforts of the women of these three Posts. That ward is jokingly referred to by the men in the hospital as 'No Man's Land.'

"Prior to the Legion National Convention in Chicago in 1933, the women's Posts conceived the idea of having as a

regular feature of the convention an ex-service women's dinner and reunion and the huge task of contacting all the women of the Legion was undertaken. The idea was greeted with enthusiasm and the first annual convention reunion was successful beyond expectations. Now our idea has become a regular feature of the National Convention. The convention's big parade would not be complete without the women in their Legion blue.

"Being one of those 11,000 'women sailors,' and having had my say, I hope the men of the Legion will not again look aghast when a woman tells them she served in the Navy during the war."

"ODDITIES in the Archives." That paraphrase of the weekly radio announcement in the program of a well-known columnist might well be used for the title of what we hope will be an interesting feature of the Then and Now Department. The archives we refer to are those most of us veterans have in which are gathered our prize mementoes of the war. Pictures of unusual souvenirs of service have several times appeared in these pages, but we give credit for the idea of establishing an Oddity Column to Legionnaire Edward H. McCrahon of 1721 Euclid Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

We show a picture of McCrahon's souvenir on page 35 and ask him to tell us about it and to set forth his suggestion:

"Here is an idea that might materialize into something worthwhile: Why not an Oddity Column in the reminiscent department of the Legion Magazine? Almost every World War veteran, whether his service was in France, Italy,

have brought back. Funny articles, serious ones, those of historical value. I am enclosing a photograph of my prize souvenir and here is its story:

"I happen to be a little Irish boy, almost six feet tall, weight 237 pounds. Have had experience in several armies and several wars and many years in the Reserve. Now considered a soldier of misfortune. Only wealthy in memories and experiences. As far back as we can trace our ancestors, there is no Jewish blood in our line, but what I prize as my pet souvenir of the World War is a beautiful sterling silver plate representing an open book or tablet. On it are



With the open deck of the destroyer Downes as his shop, Otto Lenz doubled as barber to his shipmates during the few spare moments he could find while on convoy escort service in the war period



England, North Russia, Siberia or in this country, or even for a time in a German prison camp, salvaged (?) souvenirs of the war, and each man no doubt has a pet souvenir, a prized article that he values as much as his right eye.

"Some soldiers or sailors or marines or nurses probably collected bridge work and were disappointed because they didn't get the Kaiser's. Others might have collected Austrian and Hungarian toupes. In my contacts with veterans, I have been amazed as to what the men

engraved the symbols, in ancient Hebrew, of the Ten Commandments. It is suspended on a chain.

"This locket was carried by a German soldier whom I believe to have been a Roman Catholic and who gave his life in the Meuse-Argonne Offensive during October, 1918. It is now my prized possession, although I

know nothing of its history, as a dead man cannot talk. Several opinions of the souvenir have been expressed to me—that it is an ancient piece of jewelry made by some Hebrew silversmith or that perhaps it came from the Holy Land. To those remarks, all I can say is 'Who knows?'

"Surely some of your many readers will want to show us their souvenirs and tell us about them. I know that I shall be interested in seeing them."

We concur in Comrade McCrahon's suggestion and hereby invite our fellow

Legionnaires to submit their souvenirs, or pictures of them, together with a story as to what they are, how and when they were acquired, and such other interesting facts. We hope we will be swamped with contributions, even though space restrictions may permit us to use only the most unusual or interesting of those submitted. Let's go!

WONDER how "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" as rendered by a barbershop-chord quartette on one of the ships of the Navy would have sounded? But perhaps the "You're Next" customers of a ship's barber wouldn't have felt in the mood to sing—it was bad enough to place yourself at the mercy of some of the wartime barbers (notice, we said "some") on good, hard, solid ground. These musings are the result of the picture that came to us from Legionnaire Otto Lenz. Otto's home is out from Contoocook, New Hampshire, on Rural Route 1. We wondered about this al fresco shop (Continued on page 62)

Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers



SAM KESSINGER, onetime sergeant in the 313th Ambulance Company, is circulating the yarn about a dinner guest in a Virginia home who was telling his host

how to prepare ham that would be even better than the famous Virginia ham.

"Place the ham in a deep pan," said the guest, "and for one whole day soak it in rye whiskey and then cook just a little while. The second day add a bottle of Jamaica rum, and cook a while. The third day add a bottle of port wine and on the fourth day a bottle of bourbon."

The host turned to his Negro cook, who had been standing by listening with great interest, and asked:

"Virgie, what do you think of that?"

"Ah don't know about de ham," she said, "but it sho' do sound like de makin's of mighty good gravy."

THE man was before the magistrate on a charge of running down a pedestrian with his car.

"I tried to warn him, your honor," he said, "but the horn wouldn't work."

"Why didn't you slow down and give the man a chance to get across the street?" asked the magistrate.

"Gosh! Your honor, I never thought of that."

THE boys were arriving back at the fraternity house after the summer vacation.

"What have you been doing this summer?" one asked another.

"Working in my dad's office. And you?"

"I've been loafing, too."

MISS EVELYN HAMMETT, of Cleveland, Mississippi, writes about a little girl refusing some food at the table with an emphatic, "I don't like it."

"Oh, don't say that," chirped up her younger brother. "The more you don't like a thing the gooder it is for you."



A SALES manager had one of his salesmen on the carpet. The young salesman resented the call-down and becoming quite huffy, said:

"Don't talk to me that way. I take orders from no man!"

"Now we're getting somewhere," said the sales manager. "That's just what I'm raising hell about."

BILL LANGFITT, of Pittsburgh, forwards one about a party who was standing at the bar drinking by himself. Every few minutes he would let out a laugh and then say, "Aw nertz." This had been going on for some time, when the bartender finally asked:

"What's the idea? You laugh, and then say, 'Aw nertz!'"

"Oh," explained the stew, "you see I'm telling jokes to myself, and I've heard those before."

ACCORDING to William R. Johnston, of Dunbar, Pennsylvania, an adjuster for an insurance company who was mild of voice and very gentlemanly in manner was talking to a man who was hard of hearing. He asked:

"Is it the consensus of opinion in the neighborhood that Winter's fire originated from some natural cause, by accident, or has it an incendiary atmosphere?"

The hard-of-hearing man, failing to understand, turned to his wife, who loudly translated to him:

"What der man wants ter know is, was Winter's fire ketched or sot."



FROM Jim Cordray, of Morgantown, West Virginia, we get the one about a minister in a church that used natural gas for illumination. In solemn tones,

he announced his text to the congregation:

"Yea, the light of the wicked shall be put out."

In an instant after he had made the statement, the church was in total darkness due to a failure in the gas supply. With scarcely a moment's pause, the minister said:

"Brethren, in view of the sudden and startling fulfilment of this prophecy, we will spend a few minutes in silent prayer for the gas company."

THE young man approached his sweetheart, sad and sorrowful. She watched him with anxious eyes, and asked:

"How did father take it?"

"All right," he replied.

"I'm so glad!" she cried.

"Well, I can't say that I am. At first he wouldn't listen to me."

"Did you tell him you had five thousand dollars saved and in the bank?"

"Yes, after all else had failed."

"And what did father do then?"

"Do!" replied the young man. "He borrowed it!"



FOR collectors of unusual roadside signs, Past Department Commander Herb Blizzard of New Jersey passes along one that hangs in front of a Pennsylvania road house. It reads:

WE DON'T SELL BEER ON SUNDAY,
AND DAMN LITTLE ANY OTHER
TIME.

AND then there is the one about the old preacher who dropped his pocketbook. A tough character picked it up and returned it to the preacher, who thanked him, adding: "Yet some people say you are not honest."

"Well, parson," said the tough character, "I'm honest to goodness."

COMRADE Walter Beckley, of Mansfield, Ohio, is telling one about a doctor trying to check an epidemic. Visiting a family in his neighborhood, he asked:

"Are you taking precautions to prevent spread of contagion?"

"Yes, sir, doctor," replied the head of the family. "We've even bought a sanitary cup and we all drink from it."

AND then there is the one about a tourist who was asking a lot of questions about a town and the oldest resident was having a good time giving the answers.

"How about your water supply—what precautions do you take against infection?"

"Well, first of all, we boil it."

"That's good."

"Yes, and then we filter it."

"Splendid."

"And then," continued the old man, "we drink beer."



EMERSON MANN, Grand Correspondent of the 40 and 8 in Kentucky, relates a tale about a city detective on the trail of a notorious outlaw.

In his extensive search, he had stopped in a small village and looked up the village constable, of whom he asked the usual question:

"Have you seen any mysterious strangers around here lately?"

"Well," replied the constable, "there was a feller here with the circus last week who took a couple of rabbits out of my whiskers."

FRONT *and* CENTER



THAT BIG PARADE

To the Editor: I was having a line recently with a Legionnaire of National Prominence.

"What's the use," said I, "of our parades unless we do 'em as near as possible like 20 years ago instead of our usual '20-Years-After' stuff?"

"Buddy," came back the Legionnaire of N. P., "the fellows want to march, although their dogs won't let them march far. So far as military precision is concerned, you're dead right, and maybe someone ought to set up a parade prize for the most soldierly Department in the parade."

He didn't specify what parade, but it was simple to see he meant the recent national event in Gotham.

Let no one doubt it for a scrap of a second, the eyes of the remilitarizing rest of the world were on that very demonstration. The showing by our veterans of The American Legion on that precise occasion was taken in the most numerous War Ministries abroad as the best possible indication of whether our United States is and will be ready to defend itself in 1937 and following years.

One first-class reason is that foreign military experts know perfectly well, as they knew in 1917, that our regular and trained reserve armed outfits are away below their true proportion for actual defense of the United States supposing they were to have to take the full brunt of that operation.

Military experts have been getting more and more the notion during our dominantly pacifist emotionalisms of the past decade that the people of the United States would never again put themselves on a genuine man-for-man soldierly footing, not even in their own defense, until grievously too late. Would we?—JAMES DUNN, *Fairhaven, Massachusetts.*

A CONSTRUCTIVE IDEA

To the Editor: Are we, as Legionnaires, doing all we possibly can to properly spread the gospel of Americanism? Do we employ the proper method or are we guilty of lost motion?

I have attended hundreds of Legion Americanism Nights in big cities and small towns during my eighteen years' membership in our great organization. When one views the make-up of those in attendance we find that from 80 percent to 90 percent of those present are members of the Legion. In other words we are selling Americanism to real "he-men" Americans. It's like selling steam heat to residents of the lands on the Equator.

I realize, of course, that even our good Americans must be taught new tricks to cope with some of our "ism" friends, and I appreciate the fact that constant and continuous teaching of our ideals will make us all better Americans.

However, we must reach more of our neighbors. We must increase our naturalization efforts and our interest in boys' work and kindred lines. The smaller towns do much better than the larger cities along these lines.

Might I suggest that when each Post or County or District holds its next Americanism Rally, that no Legionnaire be permitted to enter the meeting unless he brings with him some man from his town who is *not* a Legionnaire, or even a veteran? At least we would then know that 50 percent of our audience were from outside the Legion and then our program would be assured of that much greater coverage. Think it over.—JAMES M. GOLDING, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

A REUNION MADE TO ORDER

To the Editor: In the article "Legion Raised" by Franklyn J. Adams in the August issue of the Magazine he missed Julio Bonetti, pitcher for the St. Louis Browns. I was coach and manager of the team on which Bonetti played in the opening game of the Legion Junior tournament in San Francisco in 1928 when Bonetti won an 11 to 0 victory. Bonetti gave the other fellows a single hit, and that was secured by Vince DeMaggio, now with the Boston Braves. I am looking forward to seeing Bonetti, and Crosetti, Joe DeMaggio and Lazzeri of the New York Yankees, all San Francisco boys, during the coming Legion convention in New York City. The Yankees will be playing the Browns, so it will be a reunion made to order for me.—ALBERT BLUM, *San Francisco, California.*

"TO UTAH BY HAND"

To the Editor: I received my July American Legion Magazine the other day and was naturally interested in the article "To Utah By Hand" because of my location. I immediately read this article and was surprised and glad to realize, under date of April nineteenth in Twiss Birmingham's Diary, that the Sister Brannigan referred to, and again under date of July eleventh, was my grandmother.

Because of space demands, letters quoted in this department (responsibility for statements in which is vested in the writers and not in this magazine) are subject to abridgement.

The incidents in his diary coincide with her stories told me as a child. She and two other girls, without male assistance, pulled a hand cart to Utah at the same time the diary of Mr. Bermingham was written. She had three grandsons in the uniform of our country in the World War. By this story and diary the scope of interest of our magazine pre-dates the time of its inception and the World War.—F. C. PACKARD, *Springfield, Utah.*

A CHANCE TO WORK

To the Editor: In your July issue I note an article written by James G. Mott of Worthington, Minnesota, regarding labor and capital in which he states that the laborer of today is likely to become the capitalist of tomorrow and vice versa, with which I disagree. Thirty or forty years ago such was the case but not today and so far as his statement that even a dog will defend his bone I would like to call his attention to the fact that the dog who is trying to get the bone is also entitled to some consideration.

I infer that his remarks are meant to refer to the struggles now going on in the labor field and I wish to assure him that if he was the victim of an economic system that makes it necessary for persons wanting to work to go without a job for eight or more years he might have a different point of view on this matter.

Eliminate the restricting of opportunity under the present system and you will give communism a body blow.—RAYMOND L. CAMPBELL, *Hill City, Minnesota.*

BUYING FROM VETERANS

To the Editor: About the matter Louis E. Austin brings up:

I have been a member of The American Legion since 1920 excepting the year 1935, when I was out of work and could not get any kind or class of work at that time, but since that year I have made a comeback and thank God it was not through the aid of our Federal Government either that I was able to secure a job at a very small salary.

It seems to be the general idea of all ex-service men to trade with the other fellow, especially if he was not in service. I have always been a booster for a buy-it-from-a-buddy movement, but some of those better fixed and with plenty of money would always pour cold water on a movement of this kind with the explanation that it would not be fair to those others in the same business. But where were those others when our country wanted them?—A. H. GERRANS, *Kings-ton, North Carolina.*

Bites Off the Apple

(Continued from page 5)

his hand, a grimy, ebony-tipped hand, down into the bowl, bringing it up full to overflowing. He empties the hand into a paper sack on the scale and down it goes again into the bowl.

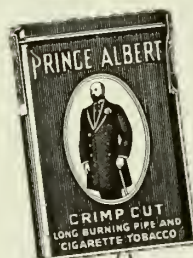
I wonder just what takes place in the kitchens of public eating-rooms when visitors are not about, those behind-the-scenes places where anything may happen and probably does. Does the cook drop the steak on the floor or belch into the soup? Does the waiter's finger stray into the cream before serving? Are the dishes and the knives, forks and spoons washed in boiling water or merely slushed round in lukewarm, much-used water and returned to use again?

What about the shared gum of childhood, the transferable lollypop or all-day sucker, the bites off an apple? How many people hold coins, tokens or transfers in the mouth while waiting for street cars? What of the barber, of the dentist, who fails to wash his hands between customers? What of the physician who drives to your home, tosses his gloves into the car seat, bustles into the sick room with complete ignoring of the basin and its fresh towels in the bath adjoining, feels the patient's pulse, inspects his throat, takes his temperature, paws him with a stethoscope, applies the blood-pressure band—and so on to, and through, the next call? What of all this coughing with the guards down in theater, church, street car, bus, trains and other public places? In which hand does one hold the handkerchief when in use; and in shaking hands thereafter does one extend that same hand?

Anybody can think of dozens of such kinds of lapses by persons met with. But what of it? Does it mean that we take our lives in our hands whenever we leave home, when we ride in train, street car or bus, go to church, school or movie, eat in a public restaurant? Is some little bug likely to get us at every step we take?

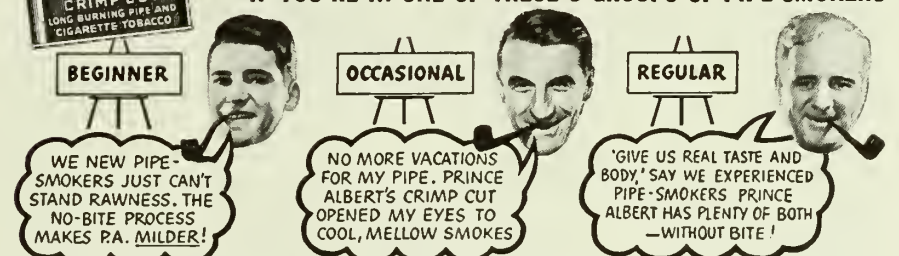
Public health authorities whom I have talked with refuse to get excited, some to show concern even, over the possibility. The majority are inclined to hold that the very general lapses in personal hygiene, such as cited, are not, by and large, necessarily or even commonly inimical to health—that their offense is against taste, rather. The question, they say, is mainly one of esthetics, not of health.

You may object on esthetic grounds to having the other person sputter in your face, to shaking a hand that has come unwashed from the toilet, to using a knife that was dropped on the floor on its way to your table, but the danger of infection, of contracting disease, from such, while not non-existent, (Continued on page 40)



Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

IF YOU'RE IN ONE OF THESE 3 GROUPS OF PIPE-SMOKERS



IT'S ALL WE SAY - OR MONEY BACK

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



Bites Off the Apple

(Continued from page 39)

is on the whole fairly remote. This is a free country and one may be as squeamish as one pleases about food and personal contacts; but, say these public health folk, one may as well know the valid basis for such squeamishness.

The chief epidemiologist of one of the oldest of state health departments in the United States said to me: "All the practices you speak of may be revolting to the sensibilities, but as a matter of plain fact, based on observation, if they were such a menace to health as they might appear, wouldn't we all be dead?"

SPECIALISTS in that department said the answer was that uncleanness, filth, of whatever kind or source, could not of itself transmit disease. Only typhoid can give typhoid; only mumps mumps.

"Despite all that has been spoken and printed on the subject in recent years," they went on, "many people have only the vaguest notion as to the cause of a communicable disease and how it is 'spread' or 'contracted.' Frequent restatement serves a good purpose. Certain diseases are infectious because of living disease-producing micro-organisms. These somehow enter the human body and have the power, under favorable conditions, of multiplying there and setting up definite reactions which we call infections or diseases.

"These micro-organisms, bodies too small to be seen without a microscope, some of plant and others of animal nature, are variously termed bacterium, bacillus, coccus, microbe, germ, and so on. Some are harmless, even beneficent, to man. Others are pathogenic, disease-producing. Each of the diseases resulting from infection by micro-organisms—germs for short—has its own specific organism. The reservoir of the bacteria

which cause the common communicable diseases is in human beings.

"Careless habits of persons who are not themselves harboring disease-producing organisms can not infect other persons. Only 'carriers'—that is, well persons who harbor such organisms—and actual 'cases' can transmit infection. Harbors of pathogenic germs are potentially dangerous to all about them; they are charged with dynamite. Such human hosts are often persons who are having or have had an attack of the disease, but a person may be a carrier of pathogenic germs, as of typhoid or diphtheria, without himself ever having had an attack of the disease or given clinical evidences of it. He may be naturally immune to infection by the germ and yet be capable of passing it on to and infecting another person who is less resistant to it. In fact, 'carriers' are responsible for the continued existence of those organisms.

"The human body has certain means by which pathogenic germs escape. Of them the most common are sputum, feces and urine. To them may be added the excretions of the lining of the inner surface of the eyelids and the front of the eyeball, and of surface wounds on the body. Germs so escaping have, in general, corresponding portals of entry into other human hosts—as pneumococci or diphtheria bacilli expelled in invisible or visible globules of saliva, through coughing, sneezing or even talking, by one person and taken into nose or mouth by another. However, correspondence between emanation source and entry portal is subject to much variation.

"A good deal remains to be learned as to the exact steps by which the dangerous germ is transferred directly from one host to another—whether by actual contact, as in kissing and handshaking; by drop-

lets, as in sneezing and coughing; or by other means. With regard to the communicable diseases of the respiratory tract, investigators differ as to the relative significance, among modes of transfer, of droplet infection, soiled hands, and improperly cleansed and sterilized cooking and eating utensils.

"Transmission indirectly through air, water, milk and other foods presents a different problem, while transmission by intermediate hosts, as insects and rodents, falls somewhat outside the field of your inquiry.

"Then, too, when the disease-producing microbe is transmitted to a new and healthy host it requires favorable conditions to multiply there and produce disease. It succumbs easily to unfavorable conditions. For one thing, the germs of the commoner communicable diseases, with some exceptions—as those of tuberculosis—do not survive long outside a living host. Dryness, sunlight, heat, are hard on them. Again, the 'dosage,' the number of germs transmitted, has much to do with infectivity, as has their virulence, which is the degree of severity, of vigor or 'kick,' they have. Of great importance, too, is the susceptibility of the recipient host to infection, his power of resistance. Of a dozen persons equally 'exposed' to an infectious disease, one or two only may be infected and the others escape."

Man wages a constant warfare against, or with, Nature for the prevention, control and cure of infectious diseases. In unhygienic personal practices, the very respects in which his efforts often prove least effective, Nature in one of her benign moods seems to come to his aid and protection. There is an old saying that Providence looks after fools, drunken men and little children; perhaps at times the rest of us are included in its watchful favor.

War Drums on the Air

(Continued from page 27)

and guaranteed to provide buzzer signals, voices as they sound over the telephone, the whistle of a radio set, and the click of telegraph keys. In fact, it is capable of producing all the noises of liaison except what a runner says when he falls in a shell hole or the departure of carrier pigeons. That last was a tough one. For a month they vainly tried making records of birds in flight. At last they got the beating of pigeon wings by holding the ends of a slack silk handkerchief in front of the microphone and repeatedly snapping it taut.

Histories and diaries are scanned,

maps pored over, battlefields visited in research for radio warfare to insure accuracy both in factual and in sound detail. The Navy Department was exhaustively consulted in the preparation of a submarine story in order that commands given should be followed by the proper sounds of machinery. For any World War continuity, veterans in the employ of the N. B. C. are called in to pass on the authenticity of the sound effects before they are broadcast. When bugle calls are required, ours are easy to obtain since their scores are in drill regulations, but foreign bugle calls are

so difficult of access that you might think they were a war secret. However, in the studio orchestras are musicians of various nations and they can be counted upon to remember and sound off with needed trumpetings as blown in their native land.

It may be only a few seconds of military noise that is being wafted over the air, but it must be checked and double checked. A logical assumption won't do, because somebody who knows seems always to be listening and ready to hop on an error. One careful script writer did a scene on a Turkish battleship in which

ship's bells tolled the hour. After the broadcast, an English officer with a Near East service record wrote in to advise that on Turkish vessels the time is marked by drumbeats.

To demonstrate how a war script goes on the air, let this air war correspondent quote and annotate the most stirring battle story in his experience. That was a broadcast presented in honor of the 16th annual reunion of the Second Division Association, the script written by Burke Boyce, at the time continuity editor of N. B. C.

Burke Boyce is the son of Major A. L. Boyce, who drilled 30,000 New Yorkers during the World War and is commander emeritus of American Legion Post No. 23, New York City. Burke Boyce has fought over the air almost every war from the Crusades on. His own World War service was as a seaman aboard a transport, where he saw action in a submarine attack. However, the Second Division battles were no less realistic for having been written by a gob, since Boyce assembled his material from men who were there from Maj. Gen. James G. Harbord down through the rank and file.

Take this bit enacting the attack on Belleau Wood:

Fade in heavy artillery fire—whistle of shells, roar of planes, etc. One plane fades in louder and comes to stop. The background noises fade. (Here four turntables went into action at once playing artillery and airplane records amplified. The thunder drum and sheet also thundered for all they were worth. One turntable operator pressed a button and the needle dropped in the groove giving a landing airplane noise, heavily amplified. All records were then dialed down low to let the voice of the German pilot, making his report, come out).

GERMAN VOICE: Herr Hauptman, I wish to report I have just returned from air patrol above the front. The artillery fire is tremendous. From my plane I could see shells bursting on every path and road.

Noises up again. Fade them behind the next lines. (Records on again here. Dialed loud and then soft for a scene on the other side of the line.)

AMERICAN VOICE: Looks like action, buddy.

ANOTHER: And plenty of it! . . .

AMERICAN VOICE: What'll it be this time?

ANOTHER: Wha'd you expect, with the Boche sittin' over there? We're going into Belleau Wood, boy! And you want to hang tight!

Noises up again—Fade them. (Records, with dialing again.)

AMERICAN OFFICER: The men ready, sergeant?

SERGEANT: Yes, sir.

OFFICER: On the jump-off line?

SERGEANT: Yes, sir.

OFFICER: We shove off at 3:45. Pass the word along the platoon commanders.

Noises up again—Fade. (Same effects. This "bridges," (Continued on page 42)

Odd Facts of Old Boston

FREE 1000 MINIATURE REPRODUCTIONS 10" HIGH OF OLD SPINNING WHEEL, THAT ACTUALLY WORKS FOR 1000 BEST LETTERS ON "WHY OLD MR. BOSTON FINE LIQUORS REFLECT THE QUALITY TRADITIONS OF OLD BOSTON."

OLD MR. BOSTON, DEPT. ALIO, BOSTON, MASS.

This offer good until Oct. 25th but not in states where such offers are prohibited.



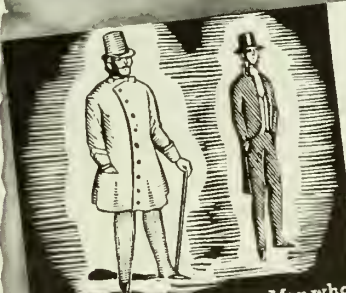
FAMOUS FALSE TEETH

DR. HITCHCOCK'S DENTAL ESTABLISHMENT, "ONE OF THE MOST ELEGANT THIS SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC," FEATURED A MODEL ROOM IN WHICH COULD BE SEEN IN LIFE-LIKE WAX THE HEADS OF PROMINENT BOSTONIANS WEARING DR. HITCHCOCK'S FALSE TEETH.



PRISONER BECOMES OWN JAILER

SYMPATHIZING WITH THE WEARY SENTRY WHO WAS KEEPING HIM PRISONER IN HIS HOME, MATHER BYLES, SUSPECTED TORY, VOLUNTEERED TO RELIEVE HIM. SHOULDERING THE SENTRY'S MUSKET, THE WIT REMARKED: "I HAVE BEEN GUARDED, REGARDED AND DISREGARDED."



The Man who Eats at Milliken's

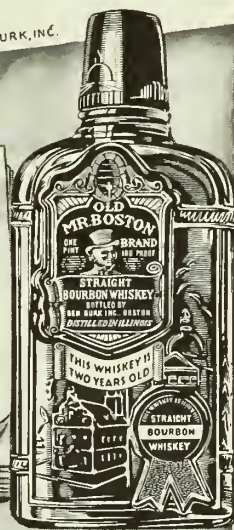
The Man who Doesn't eat at Milliken's

JUST 100 YEARS AGO THIS ADVERTISEMENT FOR MILLIKEN'S RESTAURANT IN 1837, CHARACTERISTICALLY STRAIGHTFORWARD, WASTES NO SPACE ON TALK ABOUT "CUISINE" BUT FEATURES THE NET RESULT OF EATING AT MILLIKEN'S . . . A WELL FILLED-OUT FIGURE.

COPR. 1937 BEN BURK, INC.

PRIDE OF CRAFTSMANSHIP IS THE INGREDIENT OF OLD MR. BOSTON BRAND WHISKEY THAT MAKES IT SO SUPERB. THE EXPERTS WHO GUARD ITS PRODUCTION FOLLOW FAITHFULLY THE SAME TRADITIONS OF QUALITY THAT HAVE MADE THE LOVELY SILVER, FINE FURNITURE AND BEAUTIFUL ARCHITECTURE OF OLD BOSTON WORLD-FAMOUS. . . BUY A BOTTLE TONIGHT.

Old MR. BOSTON BRAND STRAIGHT WHISKEY RYE OR BOURBON 100 PROOF TWO YEARS OLD



Ben Burk, Inc., Boston, Mass.

War Drums on the Air

(Continued from page 41)

in the technical phrase, to another scene.)
WILLIAMS: General Harbord.

GEN. HARBORD: Yes, Williams?

WILLIAMS: Three-forty, sir.

GEN. HARBORD: I know it. Five minutes more.

Pause—For five beats. Officers' whistles fade in, one by one, as along a waiting line. (The different whistles are so spaced from the "mike" as to indicate a long line.)

NARRATOR (Over whistles): June 6, 1918. . . . Whistles blow along the line. The Marines go forward! Belleau Wood! VOICES: Shove off! . . . Let's go! . . . Keep moving! . . . Spread out!

Keep down there!

Yells, as the men charge. Rattle of rifles and machine guns in distance, and the zoom of planes. The whole battle builds in sound effects. . . . Fade in strong music behind battle. (Yells by the actors. Rifle fire by effects men popping away with .22 pistols. Machine guns and planes by turntable records. Then artillery records, thunder drum and sheet, all going strong for the battle, with the orchestra supporting the excitement and bridging to the next scene.)

No veteran who heard that broadcast could help but be thrilled by it. The sound men were in heavy action. Ray Kelly got a wound stripe in that engagement when the thunder sheet cut a deep gash in one hand.

The "K-7" series by George F. Zimmer and Boyce re-fought several World War battles, including the stand of the Lost

Battalion. The story of Frank Luke, the balloon buster, was another exciting broadcast; it used every airplane sound effect in the shop. "Roses and Drums," a Civil War series by James W. Glover (the series, now ended, ran longer than the war did), and met and solved many sound problems. It paged Confederate veterans to record the Rebel yell and radio actors took many lessons from the phonograph until they had their grandfathers' famous battle cry down pat. When the fight between the *Merrimac* and *Monitor* was staged, it was necessary to reproduce the firing of the latter's batteries as heard aboard that vessel (that was the thunder sheet and drum) and the *Merrimac's* guns (turntable records dialed low for distance) and finally projectiles clanging against the armor of the "cheese-box on a raft" (that was done by pounding a heavy metal cylinder on a piece of sheet iron). When the scene shifted over to the Confederate ironclad, listeners-in heard round shot from the foe smashing similarly against its side or whistling through its rigging (a sound effects man whistling through an amplifier).

Even in such a comparatively peaceful series as "Echoes of New York Town," martial racket is occasionally rife. A script by M. M. Musselman on the Black Tom munitions explosion gave these sound directions: "(1) Sound of fire . . . (2) Hissing water . . . (3) Rumble in distance . . . (4) Suddenly there is a terrific explosion . . . Shells whistle by." That

pandemonium was rendered as follows: (1) Cellophane crackled in front of "mike" plus a phonograph record made at big fire; (2) Opening the valve of a compressed air tank plus a record of a fire hose in action; (3) Thunder sheet; (4) Everything in the shop—the works. Black Tom was like that.

A script by the present writer in the same series called for the sound of a platoon of field artillery galloping into action during the New York draft riots and sweeping a street clear of a bloodthirsty mob with grape and cannister. Bugle calls rang out. The platoon moved forward with those characteristic artillery sounds, the rattle of harness toggle chains (real chains shaken). The guns and the caissons went rolling along (a frame on iron casters rolled loudly around in a flat wooden box). Hoof beats rose to the gallop (a flock of suction cups pounded away for dear life). Then musketry and cannon shots, as the platoon went into action three blocks away (phonograph records faded down with dial). Distant shouts, screams, and cheers and then a bugle blowing "Cease firing."

So goes war on the air. The ether vibrates to the din of conflict. Veterans live over their battles again. Heroic deeds and gallant sacrifices are commemorated. It's corking good entertainment when it's well done, and it can amount to a great deal more than that if these broadcast battles help keep us staunch in the preparedness which will prevent future wars.

You Can't Stand There, Soldier!

(Continued from page 29)

after the close of the Spanish-American War proper, and twenty-four years after the close of the Philippine campaign. In all, the United Spanish War Veterans had about 450,000 potential members, from which must be deducted losses in the campaigns in which the armies engaged. Now, the veterans of the Spanish-American War and resultant campaigns have reached an average age of 62 and the lines on the graph show a downward trend and will continue downward until the bottom of the sheet is reached. The lines of the Grand Army are being paralleled.

Laid down on the same graph the lines of The American Legion run true to the history of the two senior organizations, and with about the same percentage of eligibles enrolled. Projected on into the future on the same ratio of increase as that shown within recent years, the peak membership will not be reached until about 1944, when it will have enrolled

approximately a million and a quarter veterans of the World War. That projection, of course, is subject to deviation because of conditions affecting the organization or the veterans themselves, but with the present strong and stabilized membership composed of men who consider their membership a continuing thing and not merely a year-to-year renewal proposition, it will be a long, long time before the Legion falls to the low level of 1933. The average age of veterans of the World War is now approaching forty-five—men just in the prime of their usefulness—the Legion has many years of service before it before the lines on the chart at Headquarters begin to droop and sag. And, according to the projection based on Grand Army history, it will be along close to the year 2000 when the line flattens out at the bottom of the page.

Now this analysis may prove anything or nothing to the casual reader. But

there is one point that it does develop so noticeably that it sticks out like a sore thumb; that is, the common experience of the Grand Army of the Republic and the United Spanish War veterans, in their peak years, held but little more than twenty-five percent of their total original potential members. The American Legion can be added to this list as having a similar record. Why this is so is something of an enigma. Membership experts have tried to find the answer but have only had their trouble for their pains. It is a question of the human element, the personal and social slant of each individual member, and stabilized membership must be worked out on that basis.

There is no way to determine with any degree of accuracy the actual number of potential members the Legion has to draw upon. But there is a vast reserve; men who will yet—now twenty years after getting into a service in which most

feel some degree of pride—join with their comrades and will become active and influential members. The actual potentials cannot be estimated by roughly deducting the war-time casualties from the total number of men engaged—some 4,500,000—with an allowance for deaths since the war. Other elements must be considered. There are those who, even though their wartime record is clean and honorable and are desirable in every other respect, are not in close enough contact with a Legion Post and have no wish to be card-carrying Legionnaires. There are others who were embittered by war experiences who will never enroll; there are those who feel far above holding membership in a democratic organization where, in Post meetings, they must meet men in humbler stations on the same plane, where rank and class are leveled and even military titles are taboo. And there is another great class made up of those who have been “too busy” with their own affairs; too engrossed with complications of modern life to give thought to the interests of their comrades. In this last named class lies the Legion’s great reserve, and from it each year are drawn men who do become interested and active and who bring into the organization high qualities of leadership and sound counsel.

Just what can be done to enroll members of this class? All through the years since the first feverish days when the Legion was young I have striven for membership and greater enrollments, first in my own Department of Wisconsin where, in Post, District and Department, I had some responsibility. I have seen membership promotion in all its phases; from dignified invitation extended to highly desirable eligibles to ballyhoo campaigns accompanied by some spectacular stunt. This experience has given me one significant impression—members of the Legion, originally enrolled through whatever means or methods, to be held in continuing membership must have something to do and they must have pride in their Post and the Legion. They must have some tangible evidence of the advantage of staying in year after year. So, as I sum it up, the answer to the whole problem is activity—doing something, keeping busy, and, above all, accomplishing something.

I have observed, also, that the well organized Post regardless of the size of its membership or the community it serves, which has a carefully planned objective in community service, youth activity, rehabilitation and child welfare service, social events, and which sticks close to the path of the broad Legion program has but very little difficulty in holding a stabilized membership. I have never known it to fail. An active Post makes its own membership appeal, and the record it has made in its own community is the first thought of a potential member when he is invited to add his name to the (Continued on page 44)

Half & Half Makes ONE Swell Smoke!



You'll cheer during both halves of Half & Half. Cool as a tie with two minutes to play. Smooth as a touchdown that wins for your side. Fragrant, friendly, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Cool and smooth. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

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HALF ^{AND} HALF

The Safe Pipe-Tobacco

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

You Can't Stand There, Soldier!

(Continued from page 43)

roster. It is human nature to want to be a part of a successful and going concern. Sales resistance is much greater when the invitation is extended by a weak and struggling Post.

The American Legion is just about to enter its nineteenth year. It is entering its nineteenth membership year, and membership will be one of the first concerns of the new Post and Department Commanders, who have just taken office, and of the new National Commander. Early enrollment of new members and payment of the annual dues by the old ones is not only desirable but necessary. Many of the Departments have already worked out the details of their early membership-getting campaigns and have swung into action, with a resultant stream of membership cards for 1938 now flowing into National Headquarters. The Legion must make its ratio of increase in 1938; it must pass that million mark which has been the goal for many years. It cannot stand still; it must keep moving and the indicated direction is forward. No, the Legion can no more stand still than could the hapless passengers on the transport during war days, who were chased from place to place on shipboard by the curt command: "You can't stand there, soldier!"

Membership is not the ultimate aim of The American Legion nor is it a program in itself, strictly speaking, but it is the very important tool with which the

organization must work. Membership is the vehicle which provides the enthusiasm to initiate, the power to carry out our programs and policies, the influence to command respect and confidence, the inspiration to achieve results of lasting benefit to our communities, our States, our nation, and our veteran comrades, and it also provides the money to finance the organization and to make realization of our worthy aims possible. Membership is the life blood of the organization, and no other one thing can take its place as a symbol of power and influence to the non-veteran public.

Membership is a live, throbbing thing. It lives for our disabled veterans and their dependents. It lives for every needy, homeless child of a World War veteran. It lives for all World War veterans whether in or out of The American Legion, for the Legion in its service to veterans and in its legislative program has never made a selfish distinction between members and non-members. It lives for every man, woman and child outside of the organization. It lives for the nation as a whole and not for any select few. It is the voice of the veterans of the World War and its influence has come to be sufficiently great that the world is willing to listen when it speaks.

Membership makes no distinction as to creed, nationality or political affiliation. It recognizes no difference between poverty and riches. It acknowledges

no rank in social or military life. Only the individual, his service and his worth counts. It is just a cross section of the American nation, placing no one man above another. And such membership carries with it a distinction among one's fellow men. It is a distinction of esteem with which others mark such a man.

Today, The American Legion, because of this membership, has firmly established itself in the national life of America. The service man of the World War has emerged from the restless spirit induced by the stress and strife of conflict, and has settled down to become a permanent and fixed factor in his community. Nationally, the Legionnaire has become a substantial element of leadership and influence, because his ideals, his endeavors and his purposes are welded into a unity of thought. His objectives in his home community are the objectives of other Legionnaires in other communities. The Legion's efforts at home and as a whole, nationally, are definite, well planned and harnessed into one huge purpose—a purpose exactly defined by the preamble to the Constitution and policies fixed by the National Convention each year. That purpose is determined upon by the Legionnaires themselves.

You can't stand there, soldier, sailor or marine. The Legion is not standing still, content with its honorable record of eighteen years. It is moving on to new objectives.

Profile of Two Dogs

(Continued from page 17)

chaise longue, consuming it. He was spanked and after a disappearance of two hours under the sofa, he came out almost like a snake, so abject was his apology. Like the dog Kipling once wrote about, he just couldn't bear to have an accusing finger pointed at him; far better the spanking.

Into the Presence, flattening while I crawl
From head to tail, I do confess it all.
Mine was the fault, deal me the stripes, but
spare
The Pointed Finger which I cannot bear.
The Dreadful Tone in which my Name is
named
That sends me neath the sofa-fringe ashamed
Yet to be near Thee I would face the woe
If Thou reject me, whither shall I go?

He took that and one other spanking he deserved, like the man he was, but he didn't fear anything when he was right, not even a horsewhip. We knew that after he chased a man with one for blocks.

Wolf had been watching a football game, guarding his young master. One tackle looked too rough so he ran on the field and broke up the game by chasing the tackler home. The tackler's father came out with a horsewhip to punish that savage dog. By that time Wolf had come almost home. When the irate man appeared and made motions at the boy, it was enough. An angry streak of black, white and tan flew at him. Every few steps down the street, a not too savage nip at his rear, until just at his own front door, minus his whip, the man also lost the seat of his pants which Wolf carried home in a calm, judicial sort of satisfaction, as a token and pledge of his loyalty in such matters. In justice to that neighbor, I record the fact that he called me up and asked me not to punish the dog. "I should never have lost my temper," he said. That incident reminds me of Wolf's other quick decisions and his unfailing persistence every time he

knew he was right.

The family was away one summer and I was alone at home with him. At three o'clock one morning he woke me by barking. I told him to shut up. He mumbled and grunted to himself—kept on. He was in the next room to me—a glass door between. I fell asleep, he still muttering to himself. Then he crashed against the glass door barking. I let him in my room, quieted him, fell asleep again. This time he pulled the clothes from the bed and then I smelled smoke. A cigarette in a seat of an automobile had smoldered. The car was just about to break into flame. He dragged me out of bed by his persistence, just in time to call the fire engines and save the house from destruction.

The fine things he did could be multiplied, the only bad thing he ever did has been told.

He was a real member of the family on equal terms with all. He romped with

the children in the living room. He sat at meals with us. He went upstairs at night taking turns which bed he would lie under or beside. He had full rights on any chair or couch in the house. He stopped arguments between members of the family by gently jumping up on them and giving them a look. He went out and came in as he pleased.

He was faithful in all things—fully as faithful as Hashiko, the dog whose statue adorns the station square in Shikoku, Japan, the one who went every night for eleven years to meet his master who never came back, because he had died.

With all his freedom he never missed a date he had, such as welcoming the youngest back from school, meeting me at the same time each evening, the games at night, the yowling cat to be chased away from the back porch, the careful inspection of all visitors, and his regular rounds of all the backyards of the neighborhood to see that everything was in order.

It was his faithfulness and his freedom that caused his death. He had a regular morning engagement the other side of Park Avenue, full of automobiles. Our ice man came one morning, bringing his collar. A truck had broken his back. A policeman put him out of misery. He is buried up on a hillside high in the Ramapo Hills near a great gray rock on which he used to sit and look off through the trees.

A real spirit of cheerfulness, complete integrity and an influence for harmony went out of our home when he died. We will never cease to miss him.

AS FAR as I am concerned, I am perfectly sure that dogs, such as these two, have life everlasting. Sometimes at night I can almost see them, muzzles between their paws, eyes straining down the high road as they wait there for their folks, outside the City of Dreams.

It is only certain narrow Christians, it seems to me, who persist in calling a cruel, mean and cussed man a brute or a dog or an animal. Buddhists seem to have more sense.

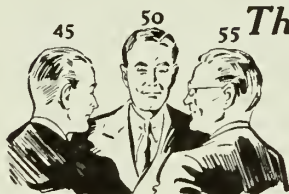
These dogs had finer human qualities than most humans one meets. If there is a life hereafter, they must live on.

That dog Hashiko in Japan, who kept faith with his master for eleven long years, was honored by his friends and neighbors. A funeral was given him in which sixteen Buddhist priests walked along with the body to its last abode, dug beside his master's grave.

On a little island in the Caribbean Sea I once talked to a fine old priest who believed that his dog, with "A dim half soul," lived on. He said "half soul." I think Wolf had a full size, complete and all-embracing soul.

It is a good land with a fine broad road where they wait. There is a total absence of signs such as "Dogs Not Admitted" or "No Dogs Allowed Here." They wander (Continued on page 46)

Life Begins At 40



This is the Day for the Man Over 40!

700 Important Men Prove This—They Tell Their Age at Time of Their Greatest Achievements

TODAY, in this country, you have barely finished school and started to look for your place in the scheme of things—and you are already around 20. At 40, you have laid in the foundation for your life.

You have been *learning* all those years. You know life *now*—as no younger man can know it. You are mature, steady and able to think.

The Great Majority of These Men Reached Their Peak Later Than 40.

Recently, over 700 men of the highest ranking in the scientific field, including those in administrative or educational occupations, were asked when they had come to the positions of trust and responsibility they hold.

Less than 100 had "arrived" before they were 38—and around 100 more in the next five years.

About 275 came along in the ten years between 43 and 53—but the rest of these 700 men did not reach their peak until after that age!

These older men certainly had not only fine minds and experience, but also the *physical equipment* to carry them through long years of active life.

What Others Have Done — YOU Can Do

Made First Lecture Tour After 60



George H. Graham
Young for 68

Dear Life Begins:

My long experience with textiles made me the logical man for an educational lecture tour on a new fabric. I was afraid to go.

Before the day was half over, I would get a sunk, all-gone feeling. I was badly run-down.

A man twenty years younger than myself told me Fleischmann's Yeast helped him greatly in a run-down spell. I started to eat yeast—to see what it would do. I did not want to give up.

Apparently it encouraged my natural energy and stimulated it in some way. For my old health and vigor returned.

I went through this lecture tour easily, and my health has been splendid ever since.

GEORGE H. GRAHAM

Leaves Office Work for Managerial Job



Gus Insel
Gets Better Paid Job

Dear Life Begins:

I used to be a cashier for a taxicab company. I disliked the work. It finally got on my nerves. Constipation was bothering me and I had splitting headaches.

Then I heard of a job I knew I would like—but my health made me hesitate. My wife had heard Fleischmann's Yeast

does wonders for people in a slump like this one of mine.

I am eating yeast every day now. My constipation has stopped, also my headaches. I soon felt strong enough to tackle a new job—and I got it.

I am now 42. I am one of the managers of a fine restaurant—younger and more ambitious than I was ten years ago.

GUS INSEL

One of the First Signs of Growing Old is Slower Digestion

If you are over 40 and feel yourself beginning to slow down, don't get nervous. You can check this.

The digestive system is one of the first parts of the body to slow down and grow old. The gastric juices flow less freely and have a *weaker* digestive action.

Its effect in stimulating the flow of gastric juices of *high* digestive power is one of the most important actions of Fleischmann's Yeast.

Added to this is the tonic action of 4 vitamins in Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. There is a generous supply of these vitamins—and each has a special and vital part in maintaining health.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day—one cake about ½ hour before each meal—plain or in a little water. Most people over 40 will feel better if they keep their digestions in order by the daily eating of Fleischmann's Yeast.

\$25 WILL BE PAID FOR LETTERS of success after 40—so helpful to others we wish to print them. If you can truly credit to Fleischmann's Yeast some part of the health that made your success possible—write us—enclosing your picture. Life Begins, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.

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Profile of Two Dogs

(Continued from page 45)

out across fascinating fields with all sorts of good smells, drink from rippling brooks, then go back to their patient waiting with their gaze fixed on the winding road. Once in a while when a little boy comes up the road, some stray dog will go to meet him. They never knew each other in the days on earth but those dogs can sense that the little boy is one who always longed for a dog, but his father wouldn't let him have one. Stray dogs wait for such little boys or girls to come along.

I think my old dog Jack will meet Wolf on some bright meadow beside that winding road and that they will know

each other and be friends. They'll sit there talking and as the golden light from the city beyond shines over the whole district, Wolf will try to explain to my old friend Jack how the small boy he knew has changed in appearance, isn't quite as jolly as he used to be. He will probably agree to point me out to Jack when I come down that road, and Jack will tell him he would know me anywhere, no matter how bald-headed, fat and funny I have grown.

It somehow makes growing older somewhat less of a burden, this belief, almost knowledge. I feel sure that wandering over those broad plains and golden hills

are two faithful friends of mine of years gone by, and I am sure that Wolf will meet me, first of all, to lead me home toward other friends who have gone before.

When the ferry has been crossed and the old boatman sets me down on the other side, then the big moment will come:

For now he quarters every plain and hill
Seeking his master.

As for me, this prayer at least the gods fulfill
That when I cross the flood and see
Old Charon on the Stygian Coast
Take toll of all the shades who land,
His little barking, welcoming ghost
Will leap to lick my phantom hand.

I Married a Legionnaire

(Continued from page 25)

courted and married is another story but that with our marriage there began for me years of new adjustments, cherished friendships and associations is most certainly a part of this story.

Having had no members of my immediate family in the service I do not recall with any accuracy the founding of our local Post. During the years of our courtship I remember vague references to Legion affairs which were of little, if any, interest to me. But upon our marriage I was confronted by a very real contender for my husband's time and interest.

Now I have always been, and still am, of the conviction that a thoroughly congenial married life is based on mutual interests and even then I was determined in a naive and bridelike way to share with him this, his crowning interest. But unsophisticatedly speaking, "That was something else again!"

We had been married only a few weeks when he announced one day that we were going to the Department Convention. Had he said, "We are going to Siam" I would not have been less prepared. As I mentioned before, we live in the West and this convention was to be held in a section of the State which is typically western. It is a cattle and sheep country where even in those prohibition days the law was passively ignored and gambling and like vices went on quite openly and with little interference from the authorities.

It is very difficult to reconstruct happenings after so many

years without giving them perhaps too humorous a twist or losing a continuity of thought I should like to sustain. But this convention is so much a part of my story in that it was my first official introduction to The American Legion.

I tried to enter into the spirit of the

forthcoming conclave with as much enthusiasm as I could muster. On the hottest day of the summer we set out for what I still maintain was the hottest spot in the State. After a long day's drive through this intense heat we arrived at our destination. Remember, if

you will, this was fourteen years ago, which was only four years after the war, and reunion called for strenuous celebration and was a test of real physical endurance.

By the time we were comfortably settled in a tent on some one's shady premises, the celebration on the streets below was in full swing. We registered and then sauntered down to the center of activity and merrymaking. A parade was in progress; not a dignified, orderly parade but confusion and bedlam in the narrow streets. Drums beat and bugles blared with no semblance of harmony. Atrocious costumes met the eye and honking automobile horns greeted the ear. Many participants showed evidence of having begun the celebration much earlier in the day. I cannot restrain a smile when I think of the wave of disappointment and resentment that passed over me.

Everywhere there were men, young men jubilant with the spirit of reunion. Here were faces I had never seen before which my newly acquired husband greeted with a genuine affection. Here was a spirit and sentiment intangible and foreign to me and with which I was in no way prepared to cope.

We sat down to dinner. A



Upon his return from Europe following the dedication of the American war memorials, National Commander Harry W. Colmery is greeted aboard the liner Normandie by Jeremiah F. Cross, newly-elected Commander of the Department of New York

dashing young man, garbed for the occasion in distinctly western style, seated himself at the piano and with exaggerated flourishes pounded out familiar war tunes. A quartet at a table in the far end of the room broke forth with "There are no wives with us," and many lusty voices joined the chorus. After fourteen years that same dashing young man, a bit gray and pompous now, is to my mind a necessary part of every convention but the quartet no longer sings "There are no wives—"

It was then, too, I came to realize that there was another organization, the "40 & 8," which I gathered had something to do with a wreck. The name in itself foreboded no good and it seemed one night of the convention must be devoted to this mysterious and disturbing ceremony.

My fine new husband with whom I had felt so well acquainted became momentarily a stranger in these strange surroundings.

I sat with an Auxiliary friend on the veranda of the headquarters hotel until well past midnight. It was useless to try to sleep. I remember a multifarious drum and bugle corps which serenaded us and which with every entrance into the lobby of the hotel emerged one man less until a lone drummer continued the night's vigil. Nor can I forget a quartet which sang for our benefit, amorously and off key, "Sweet Adeline." I could go on indefinitely. This then was my introduction to The American Legion. I must admit, and a bit reluctantly now, that I was not overjoyed at the prospects of living with this organization for time to come and inwardly I said "Never, never again." But a still, small voice argued, "Stand by, old girl, there must be something to it, or you wouldn't be here."

We were, in those days, much younger and we lacked a certain tolerance and stability that comes only with years.

It is a selfish but very human frailty which permits our lives and opinions to be governed by those things which affect us most directly and personally.

Mac passed from one Legion office to another, from Post Adjutant to Commander, from Commander to District Commander, to President of Tri-County Council to Department Vice-Commander. One would be very stupid indeed to live in such close proximity to The American Legion and not be affected a little or a great deal by its program of unselfish service. Since I am writing this from the viewpoint of the wife of a Legionnaire, I purposely eliminate mention of the Auxiliary, in which I have a sincere and profound interest.

Each office that Mac so conscientiously held brought to me a deeper understanding of the vast and splendid program of the Legion. For me, it grew in prestige through his endeavors. It reached greater proportions when after a half day's drive (for *(Continued on page 48)*)

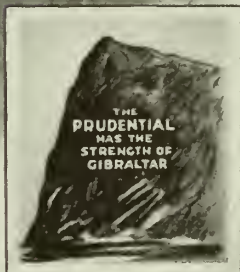


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NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE.....

I Married a Legionnaire

(Continued from page 47)

this is a large State) we were warmly welcomed by a small Post and Unit in his District and where in that far, out-of-the-way place, we talked in terms familiar to us all of a service in which we shared a mutual interest.

There was, to me, something significant and impressive in the joint installation ceremonies of several Posts and Units assembled. In an obscure corner of the meeting hall I thrilled to his words, "There is no rank among us." It may have been the realization that this self-same ceremony was being repeated in thousands of Posts and Units throughout the land.

The American Legion became to me very vital and real when at sessions of our Department Convention he took over the gavel and I was permitted to step into the meeting hall and listen to the serious deliberations of that body.

There are certain both pleasant and poignant associations which although personal in nature typify to me the spirit of the Legion everywhere. I trust they do not appear trivial or irrelevant to the reader for I cannot refrain from mentioning them here.

I remember the United States Senator, beloved by all ex-service men, who sat

at our humble board and laughed so heartily with his small town comrades. It somehow typified to me that spirit of democracy upon which the Legion is built. And I remember in the same breath, as it were, the quiet comrade of our home Post who felt himself unequipped to hold office but who faithfully brewed the coffee for our Legion and Auxiliary gatherings year in and year out. It was to my mind a real manifestation of loyalty.

It is with a sudden tightening of the heartstrings that I remember our first and overwhelming sorrow and the dear Legionnaire comrades who carried our small son to his last resting place. I think warmly of the Legionnaire pastor (then Department Chaplain) who ministered with such tender understanding, and the expressions of sympathy from our many Legion friends over the State.

My conversation with a Legionnaire from a neighboring State seemed only slightly inconsequential (I had been complaining of some faulty dentistry) until he laughingly replied, "Well, I can sympathize with you, I once had to get used to a pair of wooden legs." It seems incredible that one could lose two perfectly sound limbs for one's country

and still be able to laugh about it. Truly, "Loyalty is one of the first virtues of a soldier."

I have always stood a little in awe of the deep and respectful friendship which exists between my Legionnaire husband and his comrade and adversary who in a hard fought battle won from him the coveted Department Commandership. I have marveled at the way personal differences and animosities are set aside and forgotten for the good of the organization.

I am reminded of a remark made one day by our small son. Looking long and thoughtfully at his father he asked, "How many Americans were there in the World War?" His father answered in approximate millions. With mingled admiration and incredulity he asked, "Does that include you too, Daddy?" And because it did include him I too have been fortunate to share these fine experiences which are an aftermath of that war.

Conventions have come and gone and with each year we look forward with greater anticipation to the time when we shall again renew old acquaintances and make new ones. And each year I say with renewed pride and sincerity, "I am glad I married a Legionnaire!"

You Don't Have to Be Crazy

(Continued from page 23)

learned about Michigan Territory's unprecedented zeal in sending two senators and a representative to Congress more than a year before its official admission to the Union, about the Ohio-Michigan War of that time over the seven-mile strip of land at the mouth of the Maumee River, about the eventual peace compromise which placed Toledo in Ohio instead of in Michigan and Sault Ste. Marie in Michigan instead of in Wisconsin.

American history is, in fact, excellently illustrated by the stamps of the United States, particularly by the commemorative issues. A teacher friend of mine has developed a collection which is a history of the United States elaborately illuminated with unused stamps of our country showing incidents and happenings from the Viking ship such as Lief Ericsson sailed, down past Columbus and Isabella, Jamestown, the Pilgrims, the Revolution, to some of the major events of this decade.

Incidentally, if you have read many biographies of the Father of Our Country you may recall his continuing search for a set of false teeth which would really fit him—not an easy task under condi-

tions prevailing in his lifetime. A dentist collector points out that anyone interested in George Washington's dentures can gain information from the Washington Bi-Centennial Issue of 1932. These twelve stamps, from one-half cent through ten cents, carry contemporary portraits of Washington from young manhood to old age. The mouth lines alter radically several times from his middle life on—as he changed plates, explains my dentist friend.

One appeal of stamp collecting, then, is that almost anybody can find in it something to tie in with his particular interests in life. Before you discount all this as the aberrations of a bookworm, let us touch briefly on the subject which seems of greatest interest to non-collectors and, rather unfortunately, to some collectors. This subject is the commercial aspect of stamp collecting. "How on earth can stamps bring such high prices?" is one favorite question. Another, "How much less are stamps worth now than they were back in 1929?"

The high prices of some stamps and the low prices of others are easily explained. Unless the law of supply and demand has really been repealed, this economic

rule pretty much governs prices of everything in this world. Consider, if you will, three stamps issued by our Government in 1930 for the *Graf Zeppelin's* flight. The stamps came in the unusual denominations of 65 cents, \$1.30, and \$2.60, to fit postage rates for that trip. The consequence of the high values was a small sale: 93,000 of the 65-cent, 72,000 of the \$1.30, 61,000 of the \$2.60. When the *Graf* flew away, all of these stamps remaining in post offices were recalled and destroyed. That's all there are, there aren't any more.

Every album for United States stamps contains a space for these stamps—remember there are close to 1,000,000 serious adult collectors specializing in United States stamps in this country alone, and thousands abroad. There are several million collectors of airmail stamps in the world, and each of their albums demands a set of *Graf Zepps*. Likewise, millions of collectors of commemorative stamps the world over. Heaven alone knows how many millions of general collectors likewise want them. And there are exactly 61,296 complete sets of these stamps on earth if none have been meanwhile destroyed.

It seems perfectly logical, by the economics they taught when I went to college, that these stamps should be expensive. There are hundreds of collectors actively wanting each set that exists. The forehanded fellow who bought them at the post office five years ago paid \$4.55 for the set. Today he can sell them above \$20 a set, and dealers are asking \$25 when they are fortunate enough to have any in stock. These have gone up \$8 a set in the past year, and if I guess correctly will go much higher before they hit their ceiling. Why not? There are nowhere near enough of them to go around.

Dozens of United States stamps are so rare that only a very few fortunate collectors can ever have them—they sell at prices far above *Graf Zepps* because they are scarcer. Many of the world's powerful and wealthy are collectors. The late King George V of Great Britain and President Franklin D. Roosevelt are favorite examples of all amateur writers on stamps, but there are dozens of collectors who would pay the price of those two fine collections and never feel the outlay. Such men can and will pay any price within reason for a great rarity, and their ideas of reason are based on their supply of money.

The August 1861 stamps of the United States costing in five and six figures have already been mentioned. There is the inverted airplane of 1918, a variety of the first airmail stamp issued by our country. It is printed in two colors, carmine rose and blue. One sheet, and no more so far as anyone definitely knows, went into the second color press upside down, with the result that the airplane on it is flying on its back. Try to buy one of those errors for less than \$3,000 and listen to the owner laugh at you. Try to get even the cheapest of the inverted two-color stamps of the Pan-American issue of 1901 for less than \$200. Or any one of a sizeable number of comparable rarities, whether United States or foreign, including the Mauritius Post Office two-pence blue and the famous "Hind" British Guiana of which only one copy is known. On the other hand, almost a billion and a half of the two-cent stamps of the Chicago World's Fair were issued in 1893, and at last reports they could be purchased at \$2.50 per thousand copies, even though more than forty years old. Scarcity, not age, dictates prices.

Our second question in respect to values is how far stamp prices have fallen since 1929. The answer is, they have not fallen. All through the worst of the depression they continued to rise in price. Dozens of explanations have been offered, the most convincing that people who had previously followed very expensive hobbies were turning to stamps as something they could collect at less expense. Whatever the reason, prices held up, even increased throughout the worst panic years. Probably there were few speculative (Continued on page 50)



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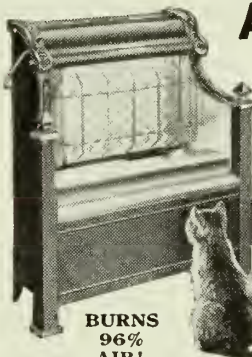
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You Don't Have to Be Crazy

(Continued from page 49)

stocks, and most confirmed collectors will sell their stamps only when they would otherwise have to sell the baby. One of the few stamps to feel the effect of the bear market was the *Graf Zeppelin* set discussed just above. It was issued in April of 1930, before most people even guessed how hard and how long the struggle would be. Some long-headed individuals stocked up on them at the post office as a good speculation and, sure enough, they climbed steadily up to about \$15 a set. Then, as other panic losses began nipping at the speculators, *Graf Zepps* from these unassimilated hoards began coming on the market in such quantities that for a brief period they could be had at \$7 a set. When most of the surplus had thus been dumped, they began rising and have risen ever since. Do I hear you asking how it is possible to know for sure about values? Stamp auctions are frequent in large cities, and auction prices reflect values rather accurately.

ANY collector who had all his savings in good stamps in 1929 and managed to ride out the storm has a substantial profit in his albums. Stamps are one of the few forms of wealth which have not shrunk seriously during the same period. A spectacular example was the world-famous collection of a wealthy Easterner. This represented an expenditure of over half a million dollars, and even the owner agreed that some of his larger purchases had been unwise. When he died a few years ago, his estate was appraised at several million dollars, his stamps (including his bad buys) at about what he had paid for them. By the time his estate was settled, his stamps represented some fifty percent of its total worth. They sold for very close to the original appraisal. Everything else he owned, a textile mill, a garage, hotels, all manner of property, shrank to a small fraction of the cost. His widow would not, even without the stamps, have gone on relief. But she has twice as much today as if her husband had not had this comparatively small proportion of his wealth in stamps.

Besides the increased number of collectors, devaluation of the dollar has raised the price of stamps to Americans. Stamps have a truly international market, moving across borders with practically no duties or other restrictions. When an American collector bids his 50-cent dollars for an item against, say, a Dutchman or Swiss, the American has to bid more dollars. Foreign dealers and collectors have since devaluation been purchasing more freely in the American market. Thus collectible stamps have risen in sympathy with devaluation far more rapidly than have most of those

commodities which are hampered in free international movement by legal and tax restrictions.

How this has worked out is shown by another important collection in a Middle Western city. The owner had been spending about \$500 a month on stamps since 1926—which looks to you like insanity, and probably looked worse to his wife. Last winter his business needed a sizeable piece of money; he went to a dealer with his collection. He named what he had paid for the collection, said "Pay me twenty-five percent above this cost. Take it or leave it." The dealer took it and has made money reselling it. Let me restate for emphasis, however, that profits are not the purpose of the true stamp collector or philatelist (to save you a trip to the dictionary, the accent is on "at.").

Mention has been made of some outstandingly expensive error-varieties of United States stamps. Several other errors and a great many varieties are interesting if only because they prove that despite utmost precautions human beings cannot avoid making mistakes. Most surprising of the lot is the so-called Five-Cent Error of 1917, which owes its existence to the World War. The Treasury Department's Bureau of Engraving and Printing, which has manufactured all United States stamps since 1894, was rushed and short-handed in wartime. Also, by chance, the postage stamps then current differed from previous and subsequent practice by including several denominations of identical design. For instance, the two-cent stamp was red, the five-cent was blue, but in all other respects than color and numerals of value all were exactly alike.

A MUCH-NEEDED engraved plate for printing two-cent stamps was found damaged; it contained three defective stamp negatives. A workman was accordingly sent to take three good stamp negatives from another defective plate and patch them into this one. By error he cut the three patches out of a five-cent plate, duly placed them in the two-cent plate. The mistake passed the inspectors, the plate went on the press with red ink, and the stamps were duly sold to the public with three red five-cent stamps unrecognized among 397 red two-cent stamps. Actually these stamps were used for months before anybody noticed it. The stamps were immediately recalled from postoffices and destroyed—this was in the spring of 1918. One of my prized items is an envelope postmarked December 7, 1917, at Brewton, Alabama, addressed to Mr. E. S. Smith, Box 17, Selma, Alabama. On it the sender placed one of these five-cent red stamps, which

from the color he thought was a two-cent stamp, along with a green one-cent stamp to make the three-cent letter postage of that time. A good many of these stamps exist uncanceled, and some collectors had them canceled for their collections. But one which was obviously used in ordinary correspondence, as proved by the date on this postmark, is a real rarity.

MINOR varieties are usually less expensive. These include all manner of plate defacements and marks which show on the printed stamp. For instance, I have an inexpensive, irreverent bypath off the main highway of my hobby: I collect stamps which depict George Washington slightly damaged. One five-center shows him with a gash over his eye. A one-center shows a mark on his cheek-bone where he obviously stopped a left jab. Two errors in the one-cent of 1917 produced a black eye on one stamp and a prizefighter's broken nose on the other. I have him with blood streaming from his nose on a red stamp, another with a rash on nose and forehead which must be smallpox. Most of these occur because of plate or other constant errors—cracks, scratches, flaws, and the like. A purple three-cent stamp shows him all blurry and out of focus because a sheet of stamps went through the press twice, just a little out of register. Do you object that these varieties are minor? Of course they are. But they amuse me, keep me looking for other stamps to add to this specialized little collection, which so far as I know is unlike any other in existence. After all, these reasons seem enough to justify any harmless recreation. Of course these stamps are comparatively scarce because there is usually only one such different stamp in a sheet, and only in sheets printed from a given plate. Such varieties would be very expensive if they were generally collected, if they were universally recognized as distinct stamps instead of minor varieties interesting only to specialist collectors. As it is, they command small premiums in price, but nothing to amount to much.

Folks outside the stamp-collecting cult get their deepest belly-laughs from the search for errors and varieties. Upbraidingly humorous pieces on this subject appear in the general magazines, sending every reader (except the philatelists) into gusty stitches. Just the other evening some guests brought up the subject of stamp-collecting—Heaven knows I did not bring it up. One of them, an otherwise delightful woman, remarked that she understood some silly collectors go around counting how many hairs appear on George Washington's and Benjamin Franklin's heads in search of varieties.

Whereupon everyone present guffawed copiously except your humble servant, who managed a sickly and slightly absent-minded grin. Absent-minded? I had never thought of counting hairs, but maybe there might be something in the idea.

Seriously, I fight feebly but unsuccessfully against my interest in errors and varieties. Next time a nice variety appears in an auction, I'll probably be there bidding my head off against that mis-

guided Chicago bank president who also fancies varieties. You would think a bank president, nationally known as a financial leader, would have more sense. How I hate that bird! The doggoned plutocrat, he can always outbid me!

The editors express their thanks to Harry L. Lindquist of New York for his co-operation in supplying the stamps used to illustrate this article.

Roads to All Our Doors

(Continued from page 1)

growing custom of diverting motor-tax revenue to non-highway uses. In the depths of the depression, legislators in emergency situations appropriated part of the motor-tax revenues to other needs. Now with business and employment figures improving, it is important that these revenues be restored to their proper uses. Proceeding at the rate of \$150,000,000 a year, the total diverted to non-highway uses now exceeds three-quarters of a billion dollars. The total would have built 30,000 miles of highway or 10,000 grade separations at railroad crossings or it would have paid for other highway improvements that would have saved thousands of human lives. That is all water over the dam—but the sooner the diversion is halted, the better for everybody. If roads make possible a richer life for the ordinary man and woman, then by all means let us obtain roads from our road taxes.

Just as no one a generation ago could accurately foresee the changes which automobiles and highways would bring to our social and commercial patterns,

so we cannot even today foresee the further changes which they hold for the future. We know, however, that some major trends have already manifested themselves.

One of these is in our national defense. Within recent months the newsreels have shown army maneuvers in which the truck and the bus and the tank completely take over the problem of transporting troops and material to mobilization points. Plainly the strategists of the Army look to the highways as the road-bed over which they would rush troops to repel any invasion of our borders.

Certain it is that in the lives of us all, automobiles and highways are taking on added significance. Reduced to a chart, the curve is steadily upward. Because it is a public program financed with tax money, every citizen has a particular interest in highway construction and maintenance. It is part of the citizen's responsibility to hold his public officials to discharging this task efficiently, economically, and with impartiality to the advantage of all of the people.

FRITZ



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You've Got to Fool 'Em

(Continued from page 15)

use the very keenness of enemy scouts to aid your own cause.

That happened in the Army-Navy game of 1935. Navy had scouted Army thoroughly and intelligently and had made note of certain invariable characteristics of Army play. Army was using a single-wing formation with Monk Meyer, its wonderful lightweight back, in the tail position.

IN ALL previous games, when the center snapped the ball to Meyer, he either passed or ran in the direction he started. In other words Army's change-of-direction plays, its reverses and spins never were set in motion with Meyer handling the ball. Grohs, the quarterback, did the spinning and faking.

I haven't talked over the matter with anyone who knows the inside dope, but I assume that the Navy coaches told the players, as any coach would, that there was no need of worrying about any fakes when Meyer got the ball. Carrying the thing further, I suppose the Army coaches figured that the Navy coaches would be smart enough to do that very thing, and schemed to capitalize on their very smartness.

In any event Army received the opening kickoff and brought the ball back to the twenty-yard line. On the first play from scrimmage, Meyer got the ball from center and started running to his right. For the first time in his career, however, he didn't keep going. Instead he handed the ball to Whitey Grove, an exceptionally fast man, who circled in the opposite direction.

Navy was thoroughly fooled. The whole team had committed itself to stopping Meyer. The right flank was wide open and Grove ran eighty yards for a touchdown which broke open a game that promised to be one of the closest of the season.

Having got away on the right foot, Army won decisively over a team which was at least its physical equal. In the second half the midshipmen ran all over the cadets, but by that time the damage had been done.

That same season Princeton used a similarly built-up situation to fool one of the smartest ends I know, Larry Kelley, and to score a touchdown against Yale. Kelley never played an orthodox defensive game. He liked to match his wits with the offense and ordinarily he out-guessed the opposing quarterback and maneuvered into a spot where he could smear plays he had no right to touch.

Princeton that year was using two linemen, Jones, left end, and Ritter, right tackle, to carry the ball. Yale of course knew all about it. The Eli scouts may even have picked up a couple of "give-

aways" which told them when Jones and Ritter were going to circle from their line positions.

In spite of this Princeton hit with so much speed and precision that both Jones and Ritter gained considerable ground, a condition which ripened Kelley for the play which Princeton had devised to capitalize his style.

The Tiger had the ball on Yale's thirty-yard line and went into its customary short-kick formation with balanced line and two backs in tandem on the right. The ball was passed to Pepper Constable, the fullback and second man in the tandem. He spun around and faked to Jones, who circled from left end. Kelley was right on Jones's heels, figuring to catch him before he got back to the line of scrimmage.

But Constable hadn't given up the ball. He had just doubled up over it. Now he tossed it to Jack White, the tail-back and the latter, who had been standing around as nonchalantly as a clothing dummy, burst into action and ran alone around an entirely unprotected Yale right flank for the touchdown.

There was nothing new about the play. It was a variation of "Old 83" which Fielding Yost used at Michigan in the days when the Wolverine was mopping up the Western Conference as well as all other opposition. It worked because Ken Sandbach, the Princeton quarterback, called it when the tactical situation was exactly right.

A team doesn't need to invent anything new to win football games. All it needs to do is to have an offense that will strike any point along the line and threaten with passes any point in the secondary area. If it has equipment like this and calls the right play at the right time it will gain ground without doubt.

There are situations in which a straight line buck is the most deceptive play the quarterback can think of. That was the case in the East-West game at San Francisco in 1928 when the East had two exceptional forward passers in Walter Holmer of Northwestern and Howard Harpster of Carnegie Tech.

BOTH of these boys passed with such amazing accuracy that they kept the Western secondary defense in difficulty all the time and finally implanted in the minds of the West players the idea that the East's whole attack was based on passing.

By means of passing the East gained a first down on the West ten-yard line. Holmer, a beautiful faker, pretended to take the snap from center. He turned around and ran back, holding his hands close to his body.

The Western secondaries shouted

"Pass!" and ran to cover. The ball, however, went to Blue Howell, big fullback from Nebraska, who blasted through the middle of a Western line which we hadn't been able to dent all day for the touchdown.

The situation was exactly reversed in the East-West game of 1936. Incidentally, I hope Western readers will excuse me for taking my examples from games of this series which have been won by the East. Though I have coached college teams on both coasts, my experience in the San Francisco charity series has been as coach of the East. Everyone likes to remember his successes and forget his failures, no matter how heavily the former may be outnumbered.

In 1936 the East had a great line-bucker in Don Irwin of Colgate. He kept gaining through the Western line, though neither team scored until the first play of the fourth quarter, when the West kicked a field goal and took the lead, 3 to 0.

With this Irwin really went to work. In a series of smashes between the tackles he carried the ball to a first down on the West's thirteen-yard line. By this time the Western defense had closed in tight and it was pretty difficult to do any more gaining through the line.

THE opponents, however, were certain that Irwin would continue to whale away, and so when he called a pass on first down—he was calling the signals as well as doing the bucking—the West was caught flat-footed. Ed Smith of New York University threw a short flat one to Paul Pauk of Princeton which enabled the latter to score standing up.

Several of the Eastern players objected when Irwin gave the pass signal in the huddle, but he knew that the situation was ripe and refused to let his judgment be overruled.

Of course you can set up a tactical situation just as foolproof as that one and still fail to score through mechanical error. If Smith hadn't thrown a perfect pass and if Pauk hadn't handled the ball cleanly the touchdown wouldn't have been scored and Irwin's choice of play probably would have been severely criticized.

A slight error in execution cost Colgate a touchdown in the 1930 charity game with New York University at a time when we had a play perfectly set up. That was in the era when Chick Meehan was turning out national leaders at N. Y. U. Without the touchdown we lost we were extremely lucky to win the game 7 to 6.

We had another great line-bucker at that time, Len Macaluso. He had carried the ball to the New York four-yard line and everyone in the park be-

lieved he would be sure to buck again.

Our quarterback knew, however, that the New York line was stronger than anything we had met before and rightly figured that the time had come to employ deception. He called a complicated lateral pass play. Macaluso was supposed to smash into the line and hand the ball to a guard who in turn was supposed to toss a lateral to Les Hart, our All-America left-halfback, who circled from his wing position.

The set-up was perfect. The whole left side of the New York line was sucked in. Hart could have scored standing up if the ball had ever reached him. But—one of our linemen missed a block.

An N. Y. U. guard crashed in and knocked the ball out of Macaluso's hands. New York recovered and so a play that was perfectly called and all but perfectly executed went to our disadvantage.

We got even later, for the 1932 Colgate team, the one which was unbeaten and unscored-on, put over the same play on New York University for one of two touchdowns. Whitey Ask took a lateral pass from a guard and got around end and over the goal-line before anyone knew he had the ball.

In the first case our quarterback was blamed for poor judgment—that is, by others than myself. In the latter case he was given general credit for keen thinking, and yet these two boys did exactly the same thing in situations which were identical, all of which proves that quarterbacks are judged only by the success or failure of the plays they call.

I can well imagine the criticism that would have been directed at Penn's 1919 quarterback if the success of a play he

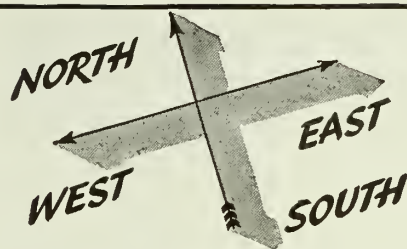
had called had not been so complete.

It was one of those great old games between Penn State and Pittsburgh. In the first quarter Penn State on third down found itself jammed against its own goal line. The logical thing to expect was a kick, and when Penn State went into kick formation Pitt brought two backs up on the line in an effort to block or hurry the kicker into getting off a poor one.

It looked like a kick. The deep man turned the ball over in his hands, took a step forward, then threw a little pass over the middle of the back Pitt line to Bob Higgins, All-America end and present Penn State coach. Higgins picked up a couple of blockers and ran nearly a hundred yards for the only touchdown of the game.

I was the goat in a similar situation when I coached Washington & Jefferson. We led Lafayette, 10 to 9, with three minutes to play in a great game at Franklin Field, Philadelphia. They had the ball on their own twenty-yard line, fourth down, and everyone on our side of the fence heaved a sigh of relief. They obviously would have to kick. We would get the ball, keep it as long as possible to use up time and then set them back in their own territory with no time to do anything.

The trouble was that the Lafayette quarterback didn't kick. Instead he got back as if he were going to do it, drew our ends in toward him, then ducked around one of them for twenty yards and a first down. The next thing I knew Lafayette had completed a pass and was on our ten-yard line. From that point they put it over a few seconds before time was up. The unexpected move, that run when a punt was the (Continued on page 54)



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NOMINATED FOR GLORY

By Stanley Woodward

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SOUTH—ALABAMA: Frank Thomas did some building last year. Now he's supposed to be ready.

MIDDLE WEST—MINNESOTA: Bierman's man-power still stands out.

MISSOURI VALLEY—NEBRASKA: Biff Jones probably has the best line material in the country.

PACIFIC COAST—SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: This is supposed to be the year of the Trojans' comeback.

SOUTHWEST—SOUTHERN METHODIST: Matty Bell's Mustangs will be wilder than ever.

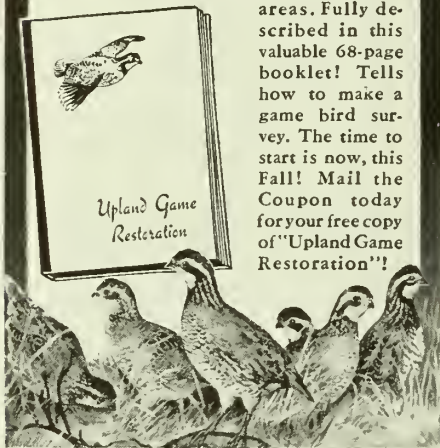


EDITOR'S NOTE: Stanley Woodward, whose football articles in the New York Herald Tribune have given him a national reputation, herewith gets out on a limb with predictions for college championship football honors. A great lineman in his college days and a keen analyst of football trends, Woodward claims only the average man's ability to pick December ratings in mid-summer. With that understanding, here they are.

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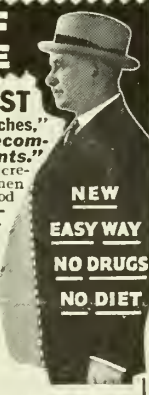
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You've Got to Fool 'Em

(Continued from page 53)

only logical thing to do, pulled them out of a deep hole.

Benny Friedman once called a pass on his own three-yard line when his team was leading and the play probably saved a game for the New York Giants. They were playing the Chicago Bears. There were six minutes to play, third down and a gale of wind was blowing in the Giants' faces. The Giants had a six-point lead and were having a terrible time holding it. The Bears had run all over them through- out the second half and had missed three touchdowns narrowly.

Now the Giants were dead tired and the Bears were stronger and more danger- ous than ever. Friedman, who learned his strategy under Yost at Michigan, reason- ed as follows: "If we give the Bears the ball we won't be able to stop them. We can't kick it out more than thirty yards against this wind. They'll score in three plays. The only thing to do is to keep the ball. It's third down and we can't rush. Let's pass."

He put a man back in kick formation and took his place apparently to protect the punter. The center snapped the ball to him and he faded back looking for the lead tandem back, who was supposed to fan out wide on the right. The back wasn't there. He hadn't listened to the signal, assuming that a punt was going to be called. Now he was buried under a big Chicago tackle.

In desperation Benny picked out a decoy end down the field and threw him the ball. Thus the Giants got out of

trouble. Eventually, by means of other accurate passes, they scored another touchdown and won the game, 13 to 0.

A maneuver like this should not be undertaken by the ordinary quarterback perhaps, but Friedman could hit a receiver on either ear at twenty yards. His passes seldom were intercepted. If the play failed he could still call a kick on fourth down.

The whole strategy of football may per- haps be summed up in the immortal words of Willie Keeler, "Hit 'em where they ain't." Of course some of us spend more time developing deception than others. Pittsburgh, the Rose Bowl champion of last year, relied chiefly on speed and power and so did Minnesota, powerful palladin of the Big Ten. But no team is entirely without deception.

A single-wing power team will have half a dozen variations of its tackle play which are calculated to delude the key defensive man into charging the wrong way. The runner will start wide and out back inside after the tackle has made a wide charge, or a start as if to circle the end and then fade back to throw a pass.

Teams like my own which follow the teachings of Pop Warner carry deception a little further. We attack through indirection, hiding the ball, executing double passes, spins and fakes behind the line in an attempt to mystify the defense. But whether you hide the ball or rely merely on changes of direction for decep- tion, that quality is always present in a football attack in greater or less degree.

Pineapples

(Continued from page 9)

plant. Rather wearily, he slumped in his chair—what was common, everyday, so ever-present you were unconscious of it? There was his phone, the letter-baskets marked "incoming-outgoing" and—huh? He started to phone the guard captain but trotted over there instead.

"Eureka," he said.

"Found what?" the guard captain asked.

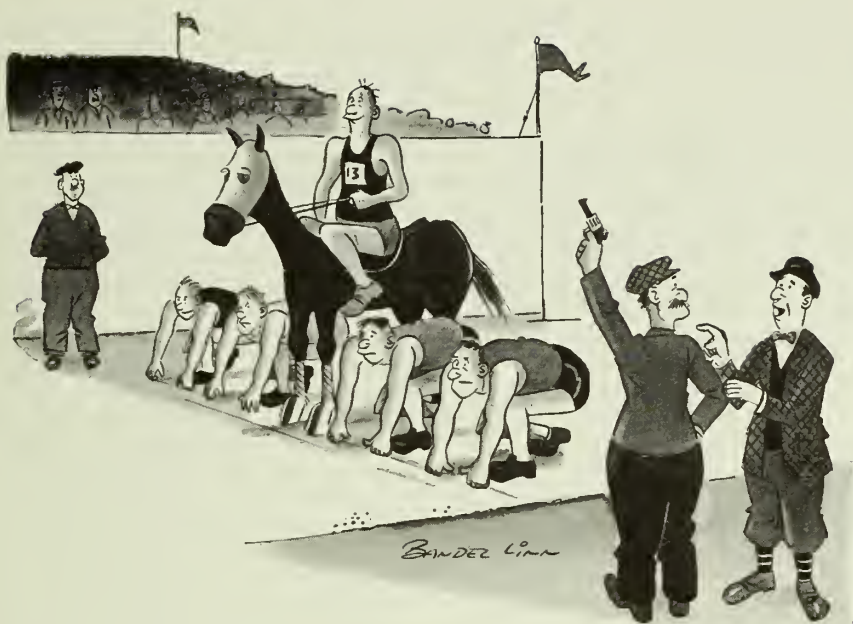
"The leak." Then eagerly, "You know we have a small gang in the main office—mostly girls and a few young men to act as messengers—who handle the switch- board and the distribution of mail and various jobs of communication. It would be one of them."

The guard captain smiled in superior fashion, "You don't suppose for a minute we haven't their life histories and then some," he said.

"Alright, alright, of course you have," Bill B. persisted. "But search out what you've overlooked; focus on something that seems ridiculously apparent and

innocuous. I'm betting on one girl, one who stays right in that mail office and maybe substitutes at the board—the one, I mean, you'd least suspect, if there is such a one." From past experience the guard captain had learned respect for Bill B.'s ideas.

Whenever there was an explosion in our plant you could always see the result, of course, but you could never collect to- gether all the factors that caused it. It was the same way with secret service; we never heard just how they did it. One story had it that when they pounced on her they found her portmanteau stuffed with regulation ultra-thin parchment note sheets and special ink and all that stuff. Anyway, the leak dried up suddenly. One following day Bill B. saw the city police patrol pull up to the office door, as he was crossing the bridge to reach Witham's office. Beside a guard, in the ante-room, sat a refined, modestly dressed woman who looked back at him with a mixture of



"The judges say to let him go—he hasn't won a race all year!"

defiance and resignation. Dimly Bill B. recalled seeing her in the mail-office—why, she must have been there for years, he thought. When he withdrew from his short conference with his superior both woman and police wagon were gone.

He thought, as he trudged back to his office, of that quality of loyalty inherent in women. There was one who willingly sacrificed everything for a cause which was probably personified by some man in the background. She didn't think of her work as ignominious or treacherous; it was her duty, a way she could help. Her zeal, her passion was no doubt as sincere as the little mother's, with whose problem he had recently dealt and to whom his thoughts were again turning. He must do something right away to shelter her in some less risky task.

Tops above Curley and his foreman, Van, was our chief—the works engineer. With tightened belt and jaw Curley walked into that presence, no, strode in on a wave of grim determination. It had taken a week's further observation of Birchall to reach that stage. "I don't care if I'm fired," he announced belligerently, then he told his boss all he thought of roving guards in general and Birchall in particular. The Chief dodged among the fireworks sufficiently to get the whole story. They went over to the guard office; thence, the guard captain accompanied Curley for a talk with Bill B. Those three men appeared afterward in the door of the grenade building, but to view the unexpected.

A spreading pool of water on the floor lapped at their feet. Catching sight of them a dozen girls let empty fire pails clatter to the floor and scurried away, back to huddle with the rest of the force lined up there. One girl, laughing and shrieking about putting the fire out, was slower in discovering the big boss at the door but let the fire extinguisher she

was swinging about catapult to the floor, when she did and dove among the spectators. With swishing strokes the oscillating extinguisher hose spit its stream along the floor. Big Bertha with defiantly folded arms stood her ground before Bill B.'s approach. In the center of the pool they saw a writhing form encased in sodden blue uniform, dripping, saturated—Birchall—still on his back, a blinded, gasping, sputtering guard fighting to dodge the persistent wet tail of the extinguisher and the cascade of water which still flowed off his features. With a spasmodic jerk he rolled to hands and knees and rose half bent, streaming water from his eyes. Then he too spied, mistily, his captain and Bill B. Curley was grinning, Bill B. smiled and the captain was torn between the comical, and the discredit of one of his guards. For a stupefied instant Birchall's eyes bulged in a frightened stare before he spun about, emitting a shrill a-a-rch! and legged it for the far end door out of which he disappeared.

Birchall had appeared as usual in the grenade room on his first round. Whatever he said left Eleanor in tears. By the time he poked his red covetous face over her shoulder later in the morning, fires of disgust and resentment smoldering in Bertha and several burly compatriots had been fanned to the bursting point. Then Birchall snapped the primer. By knuckling greedily, in too familiar fashion, under the startled girl's arm. Instinctively she let go across his face a resounding slap, and a cage of tigers flew all over Birchall. Big Bertha first from in back, with rigid elbow tearing his chin away from his neck and then as many others as could pile on, scratching, tearing, biting and pummeling his every exposed inch. The squirming mass reeled to the floor. With a knee on his chest Bertha yelled for water. "Fire (Continued on page 56)



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Mr. Deer

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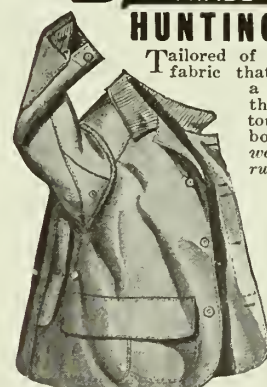


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Pineapples

(Continued from page 55)

pails!" she screamed. "Girls, get some water! Seein' he's so hot it'll cool him off." In a second the prostrate, grunting guard was deluged—that mob was practiced in fire drills. One of them unhooked an extinguisher and threatened his eyes with its hose. "Are you cold yet, bimbo?" she was shrilling when the three men interrupted the party.

"Honest, I couldn't do a thing," Bill B.'s foreman expostulated.

"Had you been me, you wouldn't have tried to stop them," said Bill B., underlining the tried, and amused over girls circumspectly mopping up, filling pails and sliding back to work benches.

Since hand grenades production was only a several week's old baby with us, Bill B. was interested to review progress. Nick-named pineapples from the surface indentations on the hollow, machined castings trucked into assembly and loading from next door, these juvenile bombs passed in groups along the benches to be dressed up with handles, triggers, ring pins, primers and fuses. Next to the last, near the front door, powder and slugs were funneled in; then screw up bottom plugs and nest the incense pots cautiously in shipping crates.

Burns, blindness, death stalked near the end of the bench line toward which the superintendent sauntered. A spark or jar, vibration or some unknown factor might send searing flame up into face and eyes and hair, any minute, from the treacherous puff of a powder flare. Much worse, he little realized how nearly this was his last stroll, that he was to be shortly within two seconds of perdition. He directed his foreman to the loading bench, especially to Bessie, Eleanor's English mother, Mrs. Wynne—the factory is a leveler, flipping aside all respect for titles, age or proper names—tamping powdered death into a hollow casting before her.

"Two things we must have at once," he said. "And that's a powder measuring trap on that funnel and a spring stop arbor press to tamp it with. Machine division's had my sketch for a week now. If we keep up hand loading there'll be a flare—and another one blind."

"Yes 'n' proper trays for those tests at the end," offered the foreman. He pointed to completed grenades piled up dangerously at the end of the bench.

"What are those for?"

"One out of ten goes to the park for test. Ballistics' orders."

He referred to the fenced in, lighted, guarded stretch of open field and woods two miles north of the plant, wherein our powder storage safely reposed. Besides mixing at that distance all the powder used, one end of the Park was cluttered with butts, ranges and targets among which the ballistic chaps disported them-

selves. A contraption like the sling that scales clay pigeons, hurled grenades away to explode safely in high and distant atmosphere. One out of every ten we made—set it very gingerly in the sling, snap your stop watch—pull the ring pin—release the trigger—all in the same motion—swish, away. One, two, three, four, five blam! If it wasn't a dud or late or misfire.

Bill B. looked beyond the row of felt-encased, lead, powder holders, much like thermos bottles, surrounding Bessie, over at the pile of tests. "Don't take out another test until you get trays," he ordered. He heard Bessie gasp, but still he didn't sense disaster raising a fiery and bloody hand in one-twelfth of the next, ensuing minute. Count 'em—one double and two double and three—up to five seconds; just that long, or short, after you pull the ring pin from a hand grenade and the handle flies up, does it take the spring trigger to snap the hammer, to flash the primer, to set the fuse sputtering inside—a meagre five seconds of spark traveling to powder and slugs and then the big noise. Bill B. was just saying, "one of those might fall and—" when Bessie jumped.

Next to her, terminating the row of operators, worked a girl who screwed in a plug to seal the powder in each hollow casting. Then she would lean down to pack the grenade within its compact packing box partitions. Unwittingly she pushed against the pile of tests; one wobbled awkwardly over the table edge. Before it reached the floor in what might have been a harmless fall, its cotter pin ring caught, hooked over a short nub of bailing wire projecting like a nail from the packing box on the floor. Bessie saw the guard pin almost yanked out of place. She watched it sway on the wire, its momentum converted into up and down oscillations, each motion of which, with the point of the grenade a fulcrum against the box side, pulled the pin a notch at a time. A third jerk released the pin entirely and the trigger handle flew out with a snap as the grenade thudded to the floor. Five seconds, no more, to live.

In through Bessie's mind flashed a vision of the girl next to her, of Bill B. standing in back, of her own Eleanor further up the row. One second gone. She tried to scream through parching, fear stricken throat which only rattled and gurgled over the shriek she would utter. Her chest contracted, cramped, painfully, as from high voltage shock. Another second nearer eternity! Blindly she leaped and scrambled onto the monstrous thing. Its handle, sticking out, seemed to leer at her like an urchin with thumb and fingers flagged to his nose. Fear-frenzied strength in her arms hurled it in a mighty heave out the door. Then she fainted.

THE AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

In a graceful arc it whizzed across the road lobbing end over end like a football to drop into water behind the canal bank bordering the factory street. It whistled its passage directly by Birchall's nose. Following his ignominious retreat that gentleman had scurried to the security of coal bunkers just above the grenade building where he could at least wring out excess moisture and concentrate his scattered wits on an alibi. As the bomb hurtled from the doorway he was making his way, with attempted nonchalance, to the guard office. He bit his tongue snapping his head back from the apparition skimming before his eyes and stood swaying in pop-eyed astonishment. Then a stunning explosion two yards away sat him with a hard thump, numb, torpid on the gravelly drive.

The deadly, hurtling grenade must have burst just under the canal surface; water and muddy bank safely absorbed scattering shrapnel. But a blob of greasy water preceded a geyser up out of the creek and arched, blown and dripping, deliberately over the street to effect a precise, juicy landing all over the reclining guard's lap. Finally, as if the plant were hooting and jeering at him in one concentrating blast, the noon whistle sounded below.

Whereupon, also, Mr. Curley phlegmatically dropped his tools and threaded

back through the maze of buildings to his pitch table.

"When this war's over I gits me to some place where there ain't no women," he proclaimed.

"That'll be where yu' ride to in the hearse," his foreman suggested.

"With no women it'll be heaven to me."

"For you, Curley," Van said, "the devil's plague'll be a row of silk stockings and no legs to fill 'em."

Curley persisted. "Used to be, the only thing painted red around here was the stripes on the cartridge boxes; now it's women's cheeks and it's warpaint when yu' count all the trouble it stews up."

"Been playin' Injun with 'em? Injuns is bad to meet specially in the woods," Van advised and added as an afterthought: "Which reminds me of the Park, they're yellin' for more telephones up there; if you kin do better without women, I'll let yer fix them fellers up."

"That'll be a break." It was quiet—reasonably so, if you didn't mind the firing at the ranges—and sunny and outdoors at the Park. Curley felt the need of change. He planned to hop the train, whose fence-lined, narrow-gauge track threaded through the city outskirts for two miles to get there, at the upper north gate so as to chat with Steve, enroute, and to look in on the grenade room. But (Continued on page 58)

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"Pardon me, sir. Are you together?"

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THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA FINANCIAL STATEMENT

July 31, 1937

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$ 446,968.37
Notes and Accounts Receivable.....	42,995.20
Inventories.....	130,661.81
Invested Funds.....	1,571,844.28
Permanent Investment:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund.....	194,601.77
Office Building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation.....	127,597.63
Furniture, Fixtures and Equipment.....	34,097.07
Deferred Charges.....	17,227.54
	<u>\$2,565,993.67</u>

Liabilities, Deferred Income and Net Worth

Current Liabilities.....	\$ 58,428.68
Funds Restricted as to use.....	62,183.60
Deferred Income.....	301,319.22
Permanent Trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund.....	194,601.77
Net Worth:	
Restricted Capital.....	\$1,556,340.51
Unrestricted Capital.....	393,119.89
	<u>\$1,949,460.40</u>
	<u>\$2,565,993.67</u>

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

Pineapples

(Continued from page 57).

Steve was gone from his mixing shack behind the sod banks—summoned to the guard office, another inmate disclosed—nor had Eleanor and her mother appeared for work since lunch. Uneasy in mind Curley dropped his coils of two-pair and telephone instruments to wait, and fret a little, till the next train trip. Who should appear to squat beside him but Birchall, now resplendent in recently changed uniform. For the good of his cause Curley chose to disregard any hint of the morning events, angling instead for news.

HE SAID, "Looks as if th' axe swings on poor Steve today."

"The captain agreed with me it'd be good policy," Birchall was a bit patronizing. "With his record and his mug hanging on the rack down town there, it's better for us he's out o' here."

"Better for who?"

"For the works. He knows too much and how to do it."

"Sure, he was in a hold-up once, but he never done a thing that'd make him a hazard in here."

"Can't tell. They get bad ideas in the pen, sometimes."

Curley's forefinger was irritating a spot of flesh over his ear into redness—his sign of thinking hard—then he discarded his quid of tobacco—his special symbol of decision.

Out of a variegated past some memory was trying to ring through to a clear circuit in his mind. With that hazy weapon he struck out in the dark:

"Le's see, you was a flat-foot before you came here—that's how you come to know about Steve—why'd yu' leave th' force?"

"Thought I'd like the job better," replied Birchall, but he looked Curley's way suspiciously. "And there's more money."

"You mean better pay; don't kid me there's more money—around here."

"What d'yer mean?"

"Nothin', nothin'. Sometimes you kin git in a little hot money on the side, can't yer? I've even heard o' dicks being broken for just that." Salt on a raw spot. Birchall squared off into a menacing attitude.

"You've been tryin' to get funny lately, Mister," he growled. "Your health's gonna get worse unless you lay off. Get me?"

"No, yu' got me wrong. No offence," Curley protested sidling away from the threat. "Jees. Forgot my pliers—left 'em over in grenades. Hold the train for me will yer?" All the time he was making haste over to tell something to Big Bertha.

He had just jammed against a nearby live circuit. To that husky female, vehemently agreeable, he whispered excitedly, shouting over his shoulder as he

doubled back for the train: "And tell Bill B. the Cap'n oughter let this feller go too, if they should fire Steve." Curley was glad the train noise forbade further talk with Birchall.

At the Park Curley lugged his telephone equipment through a one-story building where, on all sides of him, powder making ingredients were being dumped from sheet iron kegs into mixing machines.

From the machines the final explosive was being poured into the lead "bottles," enough mixture and enough containers going onto the train to spell the plant, below, for just an hour's production. He trudged on up to the rifle butts, passing rows of galvanized huts, bunkered like the fulminate houses, from which rubber-tired, leather shod mule teams dragged the powder kegs to the mixing room.

As he continued on his way, Curley waved to men in sombreros and chaps, mounted on calico ponies, each one armed with rifle, revolvers, and rope. The company had hired a bevy of Texas Rangers to ride the Park and its flood-lighted boundaries in a continuous, twenty-four hour chain as a special guard detail. As Curley passed, the first rider of a four-hour shift was starting his circuit of round and round and over again. He followed the last man of the old shift and behind him trailed number two of his shift, each man in the chain riding so as to always see the tail of the horse ahead and everything between.

GUN butts and targets were built against conveniently opposite hill-sides. At the bottom was the hundred yard range. A little above and beyond, diagonally, was the next rifle butt with its two hundred yard target directly opposite.

So they went, zig-zag up, a pair for each hundred yard increase in range, to the tenth step—the top butt with the thousand yard target way off in the distance. A maze of sturdy fence built about the butts (and the targets across) prevented a thoughtless stroll into the paths of whining bullets. The sharp b-r-r-p of a machine gun made him jump. "Spell your name for you, Mister. Dime a letter." The laughter let go another sputtering strip. "There she is, one letter, one dime." Curley searched the hillside opposite to see a crude C dotted on a white paper target the size of a bill board.

The gunner pushed a bell button and stood in front of his gun, arms overhead. A helper dodged out of the pit across, below the target, substituted a clean target and ducked down again. The telephone rang in the gun shanty. It was out in front of the gun, with data sheets and everything else, all to keep

you away from the trigger when you had no business to be there. The same general safety set up applied to every piece in the arsenal of testing equipment assembled there. Here, round after round after round of shells were fired as routine to check for duds, lates, or misfires. Here the bright-eyed bunch from ballistics checked velocity, drop, deflection, swerve, wind resistance and fifty other factors of a bullet's flight or a shell's explosion.

While Curley soldered telephone lugs and worried over Steve, the latter's fiancée and her mother were in the plant hospital. Bill B. had taken Bessie there, bewildered and shocked almost to illness, with Eleanor tenderly supporting the other arm.

The two nurses had applied such treatment and comfort as they could but advised rest for the plucky little woman. Shortly after lunch the superintendent returned with an assignment of a different job for Bessie. The nurse was waiting at the door to tell him that "The guard captain's wanting to reach you, Mr. Fenner."

"ALL right, thank you," in the meantime signalling the operator. He listened to a long report from the guard captain. "You say that's Steve Tomblen?" Silence again, but Eleanor was all ears. "Oh gosh, I don't want to do that, he's my best man . . . well, alright. If you say so," he added ruefully, "send him right over."

He faced a white but determined Eleanor in the ante-room. Patiently, as he could edge in a word or two, he tried to explain why Steve must go. Finally, "I'm sorry, my dear, I'm simply forced to—"

"Scuse me Mr. Fenner—I went to your office and the girl says you're over here—I got somethin' to tell you. Cur—Mr. Curley says you'd listen, he says to tell you"—it was Bertha interrupting him, Big Bertha almost breathless from excitement and running, but, characteristically, fighting, when the rights of others were in danger.

Bill B. listened carefully, he had to—little chance to dodge the female Hercules gesticulating before him and pressing down hard with her argument. Again, he wanted to listen, after he had heard a little. He took advantage of Steve's appearance, finally, to stem the torrent of words, and turn to Mrs. Bessie Wynne.

"You're willing to have this chap as a son-in-law?" he asked.

"I'm very anxious to," she replied, smiling.

"That's all I need to know. Steve, this lady here," he motioned to Bertha, "has balanced, for me, that guard Birchall's record against yours. I guess it wipes the slate clean and you can continue from the good start you've made. I'm going to try to put you in with Hawley in ballistics—I hate to lose you but the plant will gain. I guess we'll leave Birchall up at the

Park till the war's over, whenever that's going to be. And Steve, you're right on top of the world if your wife proves to be like what I think her mother is."

We heard the rest of the story that next week at four-thirty in the morning. Saturday afternoon saw us up at Officer-45's. Shut off the big main, cut into the branch, screw in the fittings, tighten the union. That was water for that section of the new building. In that time steam main and return lead were cool—repeat the process; then toil the rest of the night, splicing, soldering, taping to get juice in to the plant.

And so on. All day Sunday, Sunday night, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday. Work four hours, eat, sleep, work some more, wait a while for production operations to catch up. Work some more, sleep. We clanked the last manhole down—done—at four-twenty-eight Wednesday morning.

At four-thirty we, and Curley, were perched on shipping boxes around a big cable reel we had slammed down on to its side.

"I pitch it clubs," said Curley. Clubs to billies, to night-sticks to cops—that way our chatter ran. Then to questions about Birchall. And Curley did hold up play to tell us, as he shuffled, dealt, examined his cards and let the bid run around to him.

"HOW'D I catch on to Birchall? Playin' pitch o' course. Yep, that's right. I always plays every night, there's a gang of us, in an all-night cart over on the Boulevard. Sometimes a coupla cicks drops in for a hand or two. They knew I worked here and one night they said as how Birchall was hired over here fer a guard. They laughed, and I ast why. Say, who bid how much, last?"

He stopped talking, while he examined his cards. "Seems his precinct captain broke him—he'd been protectin' a couple Water Street houses for so much a night and stayin' inside every minute he could between ringing boxes. Then a guy skips parole and Birchall knows it 'cause he stayed at one o' the houses, but he black-mails Birchall not to uncover him. The guy knew Steve and Steve knew Birchall knew. And Birchall knew Steve knew. Anyway 'twas all mixed up. Then the parole board opens the whole thing to Birchall's captain. But they let him come here without posting his true record in our guard office. When he commenced to blackmail Steve's girl I got sorta mad and then when he was gonna have Steve put out I settled right down to remember all about it. I figured his record was worse'n Steve's—Steve was partly framed into his stretch. Then I squealed on Birchall. That's all. I didn't wanta see anythin' happen to that black-eyed girl and I liked Steve."

His story ended, Curley returned to the serious business of the moment—back to his special pleasure.

"I pitch it hearts," he concluded.



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Their Brother's Keeper

(Continued from page 33)

the files of the old *Weekly* one finds recorded in the issue dated September 3, 1920, the adoption of two French orphans, a boy and a girl, by Evanston (Illinois) Post. And now we have a report of the sponsorship.

Commander Edwin W. Smedberg writes that the post took the obligation of caring for these children as binding upon them and that their sponsorship was continued from the adoption in 1920 through 1928, and that during this period Legionnaire John H. Wigmore, acting for the post, made a number of trips to France to see to the general welfare and schooling of the post's protégés. Since the period of adoption ended the post has kept in close touch with its adopted daughter, Paulette Champrenault of Velars-sur-Ouche, and its son, Marcel Sevel, who is now doing his period of service in the French army. In a letter to the post he says:

"I reached my regiment on October 21, 1935, and was assigned to the 11th Independent Air Company. But a year later this company was disbanded and the post was changed to the air base of Villacoublay, 107th Battalion. I hasten to explain that Villacoublay is not a city, nor even a village, but just a plot of ground forming an aviation field. I was at first in the auxiliary service, but on arriving here I was placed on the preferred service. They have never assigned me to regular combatant service, in fact I have never once fired a gun or mounted guard. None the less would I give my blood to defend the land and the flag for which our fathers fought, and when the time comes France will find me ready."

How many other posts have kept contact with their adopted French children?

Louisiana Legion Promotes First Aid

TEN years ago Lowe-McFarlane Post of Shreveport, Louisiana, put on its initial First Aid and Safety Contest with a few teams competing and a small attendance of about two hundred. From a local point of view the meet was highly successful and the Safety Contest was continued as an annual post activity.

Little by little the program expanded until it has developed into the biggest thing of its kind in the Southwest. Last year teams from four States, Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma and Arkansas, competed for first honors before a gallery of more than four thousand.

That last meet was so outstanding that an official of the Bureau of Mines, who had served as one of the officials at the meet, said: "The First Aid Contest staged by Lowe-McFarlane Post of The American Legion of Shreveport is the most efficient and finest contest of its kind staged anywhere in the United States. This post cannot be complimented too highly upon this great humanitarian work that it is doing."

The post is making plans for the eleventh annual meet which will be held at Shreveport on November 11th, and already qualified first-aid teams from five States have registered. The meet will be held this year, as in former years, with the co-operation of the United States Bureau of Mines, and officials of that Bureau representing several industrial areas in the oil and gas and coal fields will be sent to Shreveport to assist in the direction and supervision of the contests.

The Shreveport hospitals are drawn upon for doctors and nurses to act as judges—a doctor and a nurse for each team entering the competition.

Three Firsts in Plane Contest

WHILE approximately two thousand Legionnaires and visitors looked on, a fifteen-year-old youth—lying flat on his back on a stretcher—won three first places in the third annual model airplane contest held as one of the major events of the South Carolina Department Convention at Rock Hill.

The youth was Joe Mack, son of Major Murray Mack, formerly of the 30th Division but now superintendent of schools at Fort Mill, South Carolina. Joe is confined to his bed by a bone ailment and last year he entered the contest from a wheel chair. He was brought to the 1937 meet on a stretcher and launched his hand-made planes from a reclining

LEGIONNAIRE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

THOMAS J. MALONE: Theodor Petersen Post, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

HARRY W. COLMERY: Capitol Post, Topeka, Kansas.

STEPHEN C. GARRITY: Lowell (Massachusetts) Post.

ROY DICKINSON: East Orange Post, East Orange, New Jersey.

ARTHUR VAN VLISSINGEN, JR.: Lake Bluff (Illinois) Post.

FAIRFAX DOWNEY: Second Division Post, New York City.

H. L. PLUMMER: Robert E. Morsbach Post, Durand, Wisconsin.

LOWELL L. BALCOM: August Matthias Post, Norwalk, Conn.

FRANK STREET: Sergeant Clendenon Newell Post, Leonia, New Jersey.

Conductors of regular departments of the magazine, all of whom are Legionnaires, are not listed.

position. The judges awarded him first prizes in the 37 to 60 inch wingspread plane in two divisions and first in the competition for ships with a wingspread of 21 inches or more.

The major prize in the airplane model contest was that offered by Captain Elliott White Springs, wartime aviator, author and textile manufacturer, in model motored ships. This trophy was carried away by Bob Scarborough, of Buffalo, South Carolina, with his trim K. G. ship equipped with a miniature Brown motor and fueled with three quarters of an ounce of gasoline. The little plane rose from the hands of its 19 year old designer and builder, climbed circling into the sky and remained in flight for nine minutes, twenty-seven and three-quarters seconds. Thirty-five boys entered the contest this year with their model planes.

Department Adjutant Felix Goudelock writes: "We are delighted with this program and heartily recommend it to other Departments. The plans, of course, need revision from year to year. It is now my idea in future contests to have fewer divisions and to place more emphasis on the motorized planes. But we will continue the table models and a few other divisions."

Snow Festival in Summer

DURING the hot summer of 1936 workers digging in marshy land near Two Rivers, Wisconsin, turned up a

lot of snow which had lain there since the previous winter. That gave Robert Burns Post, of Two Rivers, a big idea—a snow festival in mid-summer—featuring their town as the coolest spot in Wisconsin.

Last March the post had tons and tons of snow buried in the marsh. There was plenty of it and it could be had in any quantity for the digging. Then, during the latter part of July, when the Midwest and Northwest sweltered under a scorching sun, the Legionnaires of Two Rivers staged their first midsummer snow festival, which attracted thousands of visitors to Two Rivers.

A feature of the festival was a snowball fight between the Manitowoc and Two River Junior Chambers of Commerce. Teams of ten members from each organization lined up for the battle, garbed in bathing suits, while the referee was attired in ear-muffs, overcoat, galoshes and a straw hat. No report was made as to the referee's decision.

The festival was climaxed when Commander Heber Clayton crowned the Queen of the Festival, Miss Ruth Henfer, who was seated on a throne constructed of 20,000 pounds of ice. She was driven to her throne in a cutter drawn by two white horses, with the Sons of the Legion drum and bugle corps acting as a guard of honor. The festivities continued until far into the night, and late next morning much of the snow and ice remained on the streets.

BOYD B. STUTLER

Don't Play with Matches

(Continued from page 20)

Now how about the suspected arsonists?

Near the scene of the fire was found a clear tire imprint. Now tire prints are almost as individual as finger prints, typewriting, or handwriting. The officer secured a plaster mould of the telltale tire print.

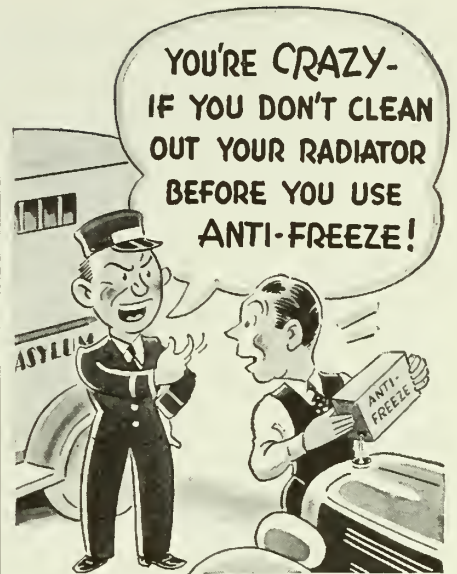
About this time a building in another community was found which had been broken into, looted, and fire traps set. Kerosene had been poured on the premises from an ordinary oil lamp. Whoever did the pouring had removed the lamp chimney (careful soul—a little too careful) and on the chimney was a blurred but serviceable fingerprint. The print was that of a man already under arrest for a similar robbery. His associates were investigated, and one of them proved to be the owner of the car which carried the tire which had left its imprint near the scene of the summer-home fire. That was enough to put him behind the bars. He confessed, and implicated several others. Altogether, as a result of the finding of those six bright new pins, twelve men were arrested (eight of whom have been convicted as this is written), \$80,000 worth of stolen property was

recovered, and a bad gang of thieves and firebugs was broken up.

Firemen called to fight a brisk blaze in an ice-cream parlor detected an odor of rubber cement on entering, but were soon driven out by an explosion that resulted when the fire reached the volatile mixture. It looked like a case of all the evidence going up in smoke. An investigator collected the firemen's boots and scraped off sufficient rubber cement that had adhered there before the explosion to serve as evidence. Result: Conviction.

This case hinged on the fact that the firemen had noted the smell of rubber cement before the explosion. It was the firemen, thus, who forged the first link in the chain that brought a criminal to justice.

Our division, the Bureau of Fire Prevention, is a unit in the State Department of Public Safety. All the splendid technical services of this Department—photography, finger-printing, chemistry—are supplied the Bureau of Fire Prevention by the Commissioner of Public Safety, Colonel Paul G. Kirk, who extends all the facilities of the department to the State (Continued on page 62)



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Don't Play with Matches

(Continued from page 61)

Fire Marshal. In other words, we have co-operation from both sides—from local fire departments throughout the State, and from the finely equipped and operated branch of the state administration of which our division is a part.

Our division conducts lecture courses throughout Massachusetts with a view to instructing local fire departments in the

discovering and preservation of evidence. Eventually we intend to reach every fireman.

That's why I say that ninety percent of the credit belongs to the local departments. They are the first line of defense, not alone in putting out fires, but in quelling the activities of folks who see possibilities for illicit profit in playing with matches.

Women in White

(Continued from page 36)

until we read this yarn from Comrade Lenz:

"I have had a great deal of pleasure from the old wartime pictures reprinted in the Legion Magazine, so when I ran across the enclosed I thought you might like to use it.

"The snapshot shows Jerry, the Wop, getting his haircut by me—Otto, the Dutchman—in a first-class barbershop on board the destroyer, U. S. S. *Downes*. Some job cutting hair on the high seas on one of these tin boats, but Jerry was game. But we had begun to braid our hair after having crossed the ocean the third time and after being ordered to cross it a fourth time without making port on either end of the trip. During that time we lived on dry provisions and refueled at sea. At the end of our fourth trip, we landed in Queenstown, Ireland, in April, 1918.

"The *Downes* was manned by a Naval Reserve crew at the New York Shipbuilding yards at Camden, New Jersey, until March 17, 1917, when we of the regular Navy took her over and put her into commission on March 18th. While waiting for the finishing touches on the ship we were assigned to fan tail duty with belt and rifle, but whatever there was to be guarded always remained a mystery to me, as there was only a swarm of mosquitoes to bother the guard.

"Within a few weeks, we all heaved a sigh of relief when orders came that sent us overseas. Our duty was to escort tramp steamers and Army transports through the mine-infested waters and to guard against submarine attacks. It was dangerous work, but I preferred it to the mosquitoes of Jersey! While at sea, I was appointed 'oil king' and had to see that there was sufficient water and fuel oil at hand and consumed from tanks so as to keep the ship at even keel at all times. This required a constant watch day and night and the sounding of the tanks was done from the top deck in perfect darkness lest we be detected by submarines.

"In rough weather, this was risky work because all life lines were removed,

leaving nothing for a man to hold on to. A fellow had to know how to ride a bucking broncho without gripping leather in order to walk on the bow of a destroyer in rough weather.

"Now about my special duties as barber in my on-deck shop: For the benefit of folks who don't know that a destroyer is too small a craft to rate the convenience and comforts of a transport or battleship, let me say that if the destroyer's crew wanted a barber, he must be self-appointed and carry on his regular duties just the same. There were no barber slips or books sold for the convenience of the barber to collect for services rendered. In my case, it was all on a cash basis at the rate of ten cents for a shave and twenty-five cents for a hair cut.

"Jerry, the Wop, was glad to pay a quarter to get a non-regulation haircut as he was a sheik. He was proud of his bushy hair, trimmed tango style, until I took revenge upon him for rolling me out of my bunk in the wee hours upon return from liberty. I took it good-naturedly and humored him until he came to me for another trim and I trimmed him in such a fashion that his own grandmother wouldn't have recognized him. I told him the reason, we had a good laugh, shook hands and Jerry promised to get even, but my enlistment ran out and I left Jerry in Ireland. Upon re-enlistment in New York, I went back to France and all I've seen of Jerry was when his ship was pulling out of port as we tied up—so I suppose he's still looking for revenge.

"I certainly would like to hear from old shipmates and particularly those fellows who remember my make-shift barbershop on the *Downes*. It's been a long time since I've seen any of them and since that snapshot was taken."

FROM the town of Berryville in the Ozark region of northwest Arkansas, we received a wartime postcard picture that brought back memories of early training days. If you were one of the first contingents that checked into camp for training, you will remember the coveralls

that were issued until uniforms could be obtained, the rifles that were whittled from wood, and, if you happened to be a red-leg, the classes in equitation that were conducted on beer kegs mounted on wooden legs, that served as horses. Take a look at the reproduction of the postcard picture on the next page and those training days will come to mind with full force.

Norris C. Potter of Smith-Bobo Post of Berryville sent the postcard to us and calls attention to the fact that it shows a group of men engaged in aiming and sighting practice at Camp Kearney, California. Note the home-made stand on which one of the rifles is resting and the packing-case and sandbag that supports the other one.

This postcard has a further interest to Potter and to the family of one of the men who appears in it—the tall fellow second from the right. Postmarked in San Diego, California, 11:30 P. M., May 7, 1918, the card was addressed to J. A. Dennis, Berryville, Arkansas, and bore this message: "Am in this company. Pick me out. (signed) F. Dennison." That was the last message ever received from Frank C. Dennis who strangely, signed the postcard "Dennison." The search for him has gone on with the help of men of Smith-Bobo Post.

In January last, a report was received from the Adjutant General's Office in Washington, D. C., reporting that records show that a Frank C. Dennis enlisted March 28, 1917, at Los Angeles, California, in Company C, 7th Infantry, California National Guard, giving the date and place of his birth as August 15, 1888, or 1889, Russville, Illinois; emergency addressee, J. E. Dennis, brother, Berryville, Arkansas. He reported for service on March 28, 1917, and was honorably discharged as a private in the same company and regiment at Mobilization Camp, Arcadia, California, April 28, 1917, by reason of disability. Nothing was found of record to indicate subsequent service in the United States Army.

The State of California Veterans Wel-

fare Board reported, in part, as follows: "The names Frank C. Dennis or F. Dennison, do not appear in the Selective Service list for California . . . Information from the Adjutant General's Office reveals that National Guard troops received training at Camp Kearney during the war. The fact that the postcard picture was mailed May 7, 1918, would not necessarily indicate that the subject was in the Army at that time. The picture might have been taken during the time of his enlistment and mailed long after he was discharged from the Army, for reasons known only to him."

Therein lies the mystery—the postcard received by his family a year after his recorded discharge from service with a message indicating he was still in the Army. Another confusing note is that while the 40th Division, composed of National Guard troops of Arizona, California, Colorado, Nevada, New Mexico and Utah, trained at Camp Kearney, where the postcard picture was taken, concentration of troops at the camp did not begin until August, 1917, whereas Dennis' or Dennison's service with the California National Guard was in March and April, 1917.

At any rate, we hope that veterans who trained at Camp Kearney will examine the picture closely and report to us if they identify the group or any of the men in it, and tell us when the picture was taken. If Dennis served at Kearney at some time in the spring of 1918, it may have been under an assumed name and it is possible someone may identify this missing man—the second from the right in the picture.

WHILE the scores of reunions that were held during the Legion National Convention in New York City will be but memories when you read this, no doubt plans are already under way for many of the outfits to follow the Legion to its next convention city. In the meantime, plenty of reunions will be held through the year in all sections of the country. (Continued on page 64)



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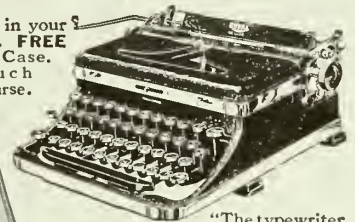


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Here's How To Treat FOOT ITCH ATHLETE'S FOOT



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According to the Government Health Bulletin, No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get rid of this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Most people who have Athlete's Foot have tried all kinds of remedies to cure it without success. Ordinary germicides, antiseptics, salve or ointments seldom do any good.

Here's How to Treat It

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 20 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary remedies are unsuccessful.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of treating Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. It peels off the tissue of the skin where the germ breeds.

Itching Stops Immediately

As soon as you apply H. F. you will find that the itching is immediately relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are well. Usually this takes from three to ten days, although in severe cases it may take longer or in mild cases less time.

H. F. will leave the skin soft and smooth. You will marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.

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Sign and mail the coupon and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money, don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you we know that you will be glad to send us \$1.00 for the treatment at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



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Please send me immediately a complete treatment for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better I will send you \$1.00. If I am not entirely satisfied I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

Women in White

(Continued from page 63)

John F. O'Ryan, Major General, U. S. Army (Ret.), who served as reunions chairman for the New York City convention is making a special effort to develop an up-to-date list of veterans of the 27th Division, which he commanded during the war. The general writes:

"When a corrected list is completed, any 27th Division veteran may address the secretary and locate any other living veteran whose name is on the list. The

35TH Div.—Reunion, Lawrence, Kans., Armistice Day, Nov. 11. J. W. Murray, 504 Louisiana st., Lawrence.

36TH (T-O) Div.—Reunion, Ft. Worth, Tex., Oct. 9-10. Hq. at Texas Hotel. John A. Hulén, pres., 627 Ft. Worth Club bldg., Ft. Worth.

RAINBOW (42d) Div. VETS.—National reunion, St. Paul, Minn., July 12-14, 1938. Natl. publication, *Rainbow Reveille*, mailed gratis to all Rainbow vets. Write to Sharon C. Cover, natl. secy., 4643 Nottingham rd., Detroit, Mich.

18TH U. S. INF. ASSOC.—For roster of vets, 1917-19, send name, address, company and dates of enlistment and discharge to A. B. Cushing, secy-treas., P. O. Box 1771, El Paso, Tex.

120TH INF. AND 4TH ILL. VETS. ASSOC.—11th annual reunion, Olney, Ill., Oct. 2-3. Joe E. Harris, secy-treas., Paris, Ill.



Second from the right in this group of soldiers engaged in aiming and sighting practice at Camp Kearney, California, is a soldier who mysteriously disappeared in May, 1918. Can anyone identify the group and tell when the picture was taken? Also, does anyone know the name under which the man, known as Frank C. Dennis or F. Dennison, served?

need for this list is indicated by the fact that while 40,000 men served in the Division, probably 5,000 became officers in the war Army and were transferred to other Divisions, and the addresses of many are unknown. It is requested that all veterans who at any time served in the 27th Division sent their names, present addresses, business, grades and units in which they served, to me at 120 Broadway, New York, N. Y."

Details of the following reunions and other activities may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

3d Div.—Reunion of all 3d vets in Pennsylvania at Hotel Harris, Harrisburg, Pa., Nov. 6. Wesley C. Brill, 351 Arthur st., Philadelphia.

30TH Div. A. E. F. Assoc.—20th anniversary reunion, Greenville, S. C., Sept. 29-30. Broadus Bailey, pres., Box 562, Greenville.

313TH INF.—20th anniversary reunion, Baltimore, Md., Oct. 2. Write to 313th Inf. Reunion Assoc., 924 St. Paul st., Baltimore.

140TH INF., Co. I.—Organization of company club Report to L. E. Wilson, pres., 5908 Park, Kansas City, Mo.

32TH INF., Co. L.—Annual reunion, Bridgway Hotel, Springfield, Mass., Sat., Oct. 30. Arthur W. Silliman, Ardley, N. Y.

330TH INF., Co. H.—20th reunion, Highland's Restaurant, Chillicothe, Ohio, Thurs., Nov. 11. H. H. Sands, adjt., Logan, Ohio.

55TH ART. A. E. F. VETS. ASSOC.—8th annual reunion, Boston, Mass., Oct. 15-17. Adelbert J. Tuleja, secy., Hotel Bradford, Boston.

312TH F. A. ASSOC.—Annual banquet and reunion, Hotel Emerson, Baltimore, Md., Oct. 16; memorial window dedication in chapel, Ft. Meade, Md., Oct. 17. Write to L. A. Lees, editor, 1468 Drayton lane, Penn-Wynne (Phila. P. O.), Pa., for copy *The Monthly Barrage*.

60TH ART., C. A. C., BTRY. F.—1st annual reunion, Chamberlain Hotel, Fort Monroe, Va., Oct. 9. A. C. Wilcox, Jr., secy., 1009 Main st., Richmond, Va.

301ST TRENCH MORTAR BTRY.—20th annual reunion, Lake Compounce, Bristol, Conn., Oct. 2. Leon G. Hall, (ex-segt.) pres., Berlin, Conn.

313TH F. S. BN.—Annual reunion, Chamberlain Hotel, Des Moines, Iowa, Oct. 2. Dr. Charles L. Jones, secy., Gilmore City, Iowa.

VETS. OF 13TH ENGRS. (RY.)—9th annual reunion, Hotel Roosevelt, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, June 16-18, 1938. James A. Elliott, secy-treas., 721 E. 21st st., Little Rock, Ark.

25TH ENGRS.—Proposed reunions of vets in East, in St. Paul, Minn. and in Los Angeles, Calif. C. K. McCormick, 2346 N. 6th st., Harrisburg, Pa.

VETS. 31ST RY. ENGRS.—10th annual reunion, Hot Springs, Ark., July 2-4, 1938. New roster available. Write to F. E. Love, secy., 104½ First st., S. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

37TH ENGRS., PITTSBURGH CHAPTER—Annual reunion banquet, Ft. Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., Sat., Nov. 6. C. W. Reynolds, secy., 1843 Kleber st., N. S., Pittsburgh.

109TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—Biennial reunion, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Oct. 2-3. L. O. Tisdale, secy-treas., 1718 Park av., S. E., Cedar Rapids.

314TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, St. Charles Hotel, St. Charles, Mo., Oct. 2. Bob Walker, 2720a Ann av., St. Louis, Mo.

316TH F. S. BN. ASSOC., No. CALIF. POST—Annual reunion dinner, Stewart Hotel, San Francisco, Sat. Sept. 25, 7 p. m., R. Harvey, 41 First st., San Francisco.

258TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion, Darrell S. Jones, 403 Trust bldg., Newark, Ohio.

U. S. S. SOLACE—Annual reunion of former shipmates, Philadelphia, Pa., Sat., Nov. 6. Dr. R. A. Kern, University Hospital, Philadelphia.


LEWES (DEL.) NAVAL BASE SOC.—Proposed reunion in Lewes, Del. W. A. Phillips, 956 Yeadon av., Yeadon, Del. Co., Pa.

YEOMEN F.—11th annual Armistice reunion of vets in N. Y. area, Bronx, N. Y., Sat. afternoon, Nov. 6. Sally R. Wolf, chmn., 3400 Tryon av., Bronx, N. Y.

JOHN J. NOLL.
The Company Clerk

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No other shaver can possibly have this proof—none has been in use long enough to demonstrate that it can shave, day after day for years, with no

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LAWRENCE ELLIS—*I and my brother-in-law have used it every day. This totals about 2520 shaves—cost me slightly above one-half cent for each shave.*

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WILLIAM N. LEAF . . . *a daily user for the past five hundred shaves.*

CHARLES DIMMLING—*Three of us used the Schick regularly—a grand total of 4600 shaves. This has been done without a single repair.*

WILLIAM H. BIRD—*At Christmas, 1932, I was presented with a Schick. I have a son who also uses it. I figure this razor has done 3000 perfect shaves.*

DAVID LEWIS—*I have used my Schick every day since 1932—more than 1500 shaves.*

KENNETH C. MILLER—*This morning I used mine for the 1319th time.*

E. D. MICHALKE—*On November 8, 1932, I bought one of your shavers. My brother also used it for two years, which means an average of 6 years' use . . . It will probably last indefinitely.*

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D. A. TURNER—*Shaved every day for three years (1095 times) without spending a penny for repairs or replacements.*

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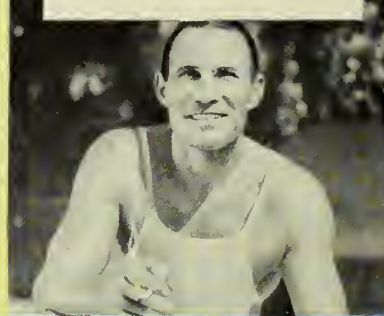
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